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Around Town.

Having an abiding belief in the Supreme Being and in a future state of existence, and holding indeed to nearly all the tenets of orthodoxy, except the doctrine of hell-fire, Calvinism and coercion, I am necessarily not an atheist or agnostic or "infidel." Neither have I ever belonged to a so-called secular society nor knowingly taken part in any propaganda intended to bring the accepted truths of Christianity into disrepute. Indeed, I have never attended a lecture intended to diffuse a spirit of unbelief nor read a speech or book that had that end in view. Sufficient doubts crowd themselves upon one's mind, and one's brain is so sorely wrought sometimes to find a reason for this and that, and the revelations of God's goodness both in inspired utterances and in nature are so pleasing and comforting, that I cannot see why anyone should desire to upset either one's own faith or the faith of other people. I do not say this to escape criticism nor in order to creep under the cloak of piety; if I thought as Secularists think I hope I would be honest enough to say so. When it comes, however, to being forced to accept the interpretations of others who are finite and frail like ourselves, I often find occasion to make strenuous objections. While believing in the incalculable benefits of organized religious goodness, I cannot imagine any circumstances which can for a moment justify organized or individual religious intolerance. It is difficult to imagine that anybody or any organization would deliberately set out to discover a negation, and when so-called "Secularists" find themselves in a position of agnosticism I imagine it is because they searched for the truth and were unsatisfied with the evidences which orthodoxy very likely commanded them to accept as proof of all that orthodoxy believes. Then, ostracized and denounced, they find themselves driven into what I consider the untenable and unsatisfactory attitude which they are said to occupy.

We are charitable to those who believe the world is flat and treat them with rather an amused sort of indifference. Why, then, should orthodoxy be so bitter and intolerant towards those who fail to be convinced by the proofs, even if they are less assailable than the arguments and demonstrations which lead us to believe in the spherical form of the world. At one time pagan Rome burned Christians at the stake because they believed in God and Christ; later on Catholic Rome burned Protestants at the stake because they did not believe in accordance with the rules of the Church, and even yet none but Roman Catholics may be interred in so called consecrated ground. The established Church of England, broad and progressive as it is, insists in some places still, and has everywhere insisted until very recently, that no dissenting preacher shall be officially allowed within the hallowed precincts of an Anglican burying-ground. Not long ago Christian communities considered it an act of piety to bury suicides at the intersection of roads and drive a stake through the body, with the pagan idea that this would strike terror into the hearts of those contemplating self-murder and restrain the increasing tide of that crime. I have heard of unbaptized babes being refused Christian burial in order to hasten the christenings in a parish. That all the things enumerated must have caused unspeakable anguish to the friends of those refused the rites of Christian burial, it needs no argument to prove; that such acts did good to the cause of religion or morality would, I think, scarcely be asserted by the strictest of any sect.

All this has been suggested to me by what the daily newspapers designate either as a "Painful Scene" or an "Unseemly Wrangle" over the grave of poor Jessie Keith, who was murdered in such a fiendish manner near Listowel. The Evening Star, which cannot be accused of heterodoxy, speaks of it as a "disgraceful scene," and it seems to me that no word ordinarily used in the conventionalities of life is too harsh to be applied in describing the alteration which took place over an open grave in which lay the remains of a girl who had been butchered by something in the semblance of a man, yet in which surely no vestige of God's image could be found. It appears that the ceremonies had been conducted in accordance with the wishes of the father of the murdered girl, by a Mr. Hay, a leading Secularist. None of the papers intimate that in the few words that Mr. Keith's co-disbeliever used any offence could be found. He simply thanked the people on behalf of the stricken father for their sympathy as manifested by their attendance at the funeral. But the Rev. Dr. Gunner, who no doubt thought he would not be doing his whole duty unless he interceded, insisted on having his say. The readers of the newspapers know the result, and while it is not my business to point out whether or not he was doctrinally in the right, everybody must admit that his conduct was in excruciatingly bad taste. Anyone who creates a scene anywhere is not using good taste; those who kick up a row at a funeral are not, to say the least, governed by the rules of what is ordinarily considered "respectability," and it seems to me that anyone, clerical or otherwise, who could quarrel over what was left of a murdered child must have had something left out of the good part of either his head or his heart.

In the oration given by the venerable clergyman, however, there were some things said which are proper subject of comment. "Were Christian ministers," he asked, "to

hold their peace and have infidels ride over them when God was on their side?" Did not the officials of pagan Rome and then the prelates of the Christian church ask the same question of an excited populace before the burnings of old?

"Should their cemetery be desecrated by infidels and the Christian ministers shut out?" How like another of the old appeals to the religious prejudice of the populace!

He kindly intimated that while there might be no hope for the father and mother (who are Secularists) whose daughter had been buried like a dog, he rejoiced that the resurrection was coming, and if they did not catch the man who did this bloody deed on earth he would be discovered then. He intimated that infidels could not sympathize with the bereft as Christians could, and reached a rather startling climax in his method of comforting the bereaved parents by telling them that the bloody deed had been done by an "infidel," no doubt with the plausibility of making them feel that it had been perpetrated by someone like themselves. If the reports of these remarks which appeared in the newspapers be correct, Rev. Dr. Gunner must have been more anxious to defend

meats," the expensive casket, the trappings and rosettes, the crapes and the millinery of woe; the hearse with nodding plumes, with the woe-begone driver and director, the slow-moving *cortege*; the flowers and the monument—are they Christian? If so, whereabouts do we find them, or the spirit which actuates them, described in the Book we accept as inspired and sufficient? Perhaps in the same chapter where the untruthful eulogies of the dead are authorized and the conventional "few words to the mourners" are ordered in prescribed terms that the bereaved ones must weep whether they feel like it or not. Who privileged any clergyman to stand by a grave and speed a soul to heaven? Long ere his words fall on the clods of disturbed earth the soul has passed beyond heed or help of his too often whining or stilted phrases. Either the clergyman speaks to comfort the bereaved, and comfort is often sadly needed—but this evidently Rev. Dr. Gunner did not do—or he thinks his words at the open grave can to a greater or less extent unlock the gates of Heaven. God forbid that the portals of peace be either opened or closed by the voice of mortal man or of any save Him who, we are told, always pleads for us.

The Aqueduct people have got a city franchise,

controlled by the people or as an independent supply company. Toronto must control the mains, branches and taps. If they can secure a contract from the city, after the *bona fides* of their enterprise have been proven, for filling the reservoirs with water of a given degree of purity, let them have it and then they can build their aqueduct and make money, and the city will be none the worse off, nay, much better off. But before this is done, before what is necessary to the health, life and reputation of the city is interfered with, something better than speeches in public halls and the Council Chamber must be tried and proven correct. In the meantime, and while we wait for the next demand, Toronto is eager to see them use the valuable privileges they have obtained and will exercise a somewhat suspicious scrutiny over the actions of the Aqueducts.

The Grand Trunk has issued another unhappy half-yearly statement. This road is not only an Old Country concern, but it is an old-times concern, and the dolefulness of its semi-annual announcements does Canada more harm than all the other announcements of the year. To read it one would imagine that the Grand Trunk's business indicated whatever prosperity or depression exists in the northern half of this continent. On the contrary, the Grand Trunk

does or tries to do, it is met and beaten by the great system opposed to it. This has been going on for years, until now the Grand Trunk dare not try to do anything and is slapped and flogged into line by the C. P. R., which pulls its nose with the greatest ease and confidence. The shareholders in the Old Country might just as well know at once that Sir William Van Horne is managing the C. P. R. for the benefit of its stockholders and the Grand Trunk to the disadvantage of those who expect dividends from that somewhat dizzy line. This country is not particularly interested in which road makes the better dividend, nor, indeed, if either of them makes a dividend at all, except as far as the credit of the country is concerned. In one particular, however, Canada is deeply concerned, and that is that semi-annually there should be no wrangling in England over a half-concealed statement of the rottenness of the management of the Grand Trunk.

I am glad to see that the City Council has in its wisdom seen fit to accept the offer of the Scotch firm who made such a liberal proposal for our four per cent. bonds. I think the only newspaper that advocated Ald Shaw's proposal was SATURDAY NIGHT. This is only mentioned by the way, not as a proof of our great sagacity, but to indicate how little interest is taken by the daily newspapers in the more intricate and most important features of city government. Much is said and a great deal of coercion is used by the papers of the city in matters of political and personal interest that come before the Council, but in grave particulars and on the more thoughtful subjects newspapers are too often silent. Ald. Shaw is to be congratulated on his triumph in this matter, and I am told that on a careful calculation the acceptance of his scheme will save the city fifty-five thousand dollars.

The Mayor, however, is so wedded to his notion that three and a half per cent. bonds are the only ones that Toronto should issue, and is so regardless of the fact that they are unsalable in Great Britain, that he had to be called down a dozen times, so violent was his objection to the acceptance of the terms of the Edinburgh bankers. Why should the Mayor of Toronto be so consumed with anxiety to lose the city fifty-five thousand dollars? Was it in order to protect his alleged judgment from moths or summer complaint, or had he a friend to serve in the matter? It seems to me inconceivable that the city should be asked to lose such an enormous amount in order to hang back in the rear of the procession and keep pace with the municipal old lady who has such a poor idea of progress and modern necessities. The thing that interests me most is why the Mayor should have for once lost control of himself and betrayed an abnormal anxiety in any direction. He is ordinarily so smooth and without opinions that when he tears loose he makes an exhibition of himself. However, the thing has been settled and the city is apparently the gainer by the reversal of the committee's decision.

Mr. G. F. Marter has been chosen leader of the Opposition in Ontario, and I think the choice a very wise one. Compared with Mr. Meredith, of course Mr. Marter is not in the same class. In the past there have been many politicians who would consider this fact as being in Mr. Marter's favor. He is a strong man mentally and physically, but he is much more adjustable and approachable than Mr. Meredith. He is a politician; Mr. Meredith never was. His adaptability to circumstances was well shown when he left Muskoka and came to Toronto. Practically he was a stranger here, yet with wonderful shrewdness and courage he came in from the back woods of Muskoka and locked horns with Joe Tait in North Toronto, threw him over the fence and left him almost unable to tell his name or his house address.

I think without doubt this is the funniest episode in the history of Toronto politics. Both eager in the class-meeting and the temperance society, both anxious for political promotion, one had the run of the pasture for years, the other came in like a strange steer from the prairies; they gazed at one another for a moment and knew that it was to be a fight to a finish. The strange steer was not inside the fence before you could hear their horns clack. On election night Mr. Marter was around thanking his friends and canvassing for the next trip almost before the polls were closed, while the other was emphasizing his opinion that the majority of men were "liars," which leads us to believe that Mr. Tait had been misled by promises. It was a notable struggle. The people's Joseph got the worst of it and in the horn-locking episode he was not heavy enough to carry his crowd, and until he brushed the weeds and grass off his clothing he had no idea that there was such a force on earth as his own crowd organized against him.

A man who can do this and can come as near being all things to everybody without sacrificing his dignity or his political integrity, must be considered a political find. Sir Oliver is very handy in this direction himself; he can write the *Evidences of Christianity*, and while he pauses to take a dip of ink can pull a saloon-keeper's foot and wink his acquisitiveness at numerous schemes which are not morally beautiful. Mr. Marter is not a lawyer, but he is a Methodist, a Prohibitionist, in many respects a Radical, and for years before the Patrons were heard of he was in sympathy with many of the principal planks of their platform. For this reason I believe he will be acceptable to them, though I hope he will not



EVENING OF LIFE.

Christianity, as he believes in it, than to comfort the poor dazed, heart-stricken parents who were so numb with horror that they scarcely had begun to realize the awfulness of their bereavement. Surely this was not right. Surely this is not Christianity. Surely it is not the way to treat those whom even the most straightforward can consider nothing worse than the victims of unbelief.

This is not a subject that would have received any comment in these columns were it not suggestive of the logical conclusion of those fierce diatribes which are still occasionally delivered from Christian pulpits. Rev. Dr. Gunner evidently believes to the full extent of his capacity for belief, in the infallibility of creeds and the propriety of the most extreme measures when applied to heretics and unbelievers. Of course he reserves the right to nominate the particular persons who come under this heading, but if Archbishop Cleary, for instance, were to act with regard to recreant Catholic parents in a public burying-ground as Rev. Dr. Gunner did at poor Jessie Keith's funeral, how Protestantism would be scandalized! And why not?

There is just another thing I am impelled to ask in connection with Rev. Dr. Gunner's demand for an opportunity of giving Christian burial to this poor girl, emphasized by the conventionalities, if not the creeds, of all the churches: Is there any good done to the dead by the services, or are they conducted merely to impress the living? Is not much of the mummery and extravagance of the so-called Christian funeral a mere remnant of pagan rites? The "wake," the "funeral baked

chise, or at least arrived at an apparent agreement with the city, and we shall all be glad if they use it and make it of the greatest possible value to themselves. Had they taken a different course they would have had less trouble, but I imagine the scheme has been, and even now is, more or less nebulous and they could hardly say what they intended to do inasmuch as they did not know. They have, however, a general charter and a local franchise of immense commercial value if they work their scheme properly. It must be apparent to them that they cannot approach capitalists as they "went at" the City Council. They must have surveys, borings and other data of an exact kind, and I am told they are now working at this, though personally I am suspicious that they are still "gaming" in order to impress the Council. That a few men are at work should not enthuse the aldermen, for one robin does not make a summer nor can ten men build forty miles of aqueduct.

Are they through shouting at us even now? They virtually have an agreement, though not the one they asked, yet one of great value to them. What more is to come? The greatest, strongest and only feature that can get them money in the Old Country is not in it. Water supply companies can float their bonds and stock in England more easily than any other corporations. The next move of the Aqueducts will be to secure a water supply agreement with Toronto. When they tackle that feature we will know that they have simply adopted the old scheme to which I have given so much time, study and space. One thing is certain, they can never obtain a right to enter the city, either through the water-mains now

Railway Company in its management is foreign to America. The management is, and always has been, out of sympathy with Canada; there is no period in its history when it has not tyrannized over the very large district where they had a monopoly, consequently the communities released from their control have felt rebellious and hateful to this Old Country concern with its faded idea of running a railroad. In the next place, it has been slower than anything else that could be conceived, not only in releasing individuals and communities from disabilities, but in managing and adjusting the matters which crop up in its own business.

There was a time when it was not unusual for a Grand Trunk train to be a couple of days late; even now an answer from headquarters in reply to a grievance is certain to be a couple of months late. If the directors are hunting for reason for the depression in the business of the road they can find it. The Grand Trunk and its management are detested in this country, and always have been. This can be cured by having a Canadian management. The present management is no good; practically the road is being managed by the Canadian Pacific, who have the present officials so thoroughly bulldozed that they dare not call their souls their own. The Canadian Pacific is managed in Canada; the headquarters of the company are here; they have the brains, the assertiveness, the advantage of almost instantaneous decision in matters vital to the conduct of their business. Three-quarters of the time the Grand Trunk is humping itself to meet the Canadian Pacific's bullock. No matter what the Grand Trunk

make too many sacrifices in order to effect an alliance with them. For the past eight years I have watched his course in Parliament and believe him to be one of the sincerest, straightest and most common-sense politicians in the Ontario Legislature. He was a loyal follower of Mr. Meredith, an outspoken advocate of the principal reforms which are now being agitated for; he has the respect of everybody who knows him; he is a comparatively young man, for at fifty-four but few generals have received their commission. I believe him to be as honest as Sir Oliver, as wily, and the advocate of a much better set of principles. Heretofore Sir Oliver has had to meet a gentleman whose whole ambition and concentrated purpose was the good of this province, but it is just as well to acknowledge right on the start that now he has to meet a man who, while holding all Mr. Meredith's objects in view, is first and foremost a politician, which Mr. Meredith was not. Personally, I am one of the few who believe most in men with set principles as being of the greatest advantage to the state, but I recognize, and the supporters of the Opposition in Ontario must all recognize, that such men are not good politicians and are rarely successful, except in the sense of being of the utmost importance to their province. Notwithstanding this, it is a matter of history, both in Canada and elsewhere, that in order to effect the greatest and most necessary reforms compromises are necessary, and these can only be effected by a politician. In a combination of the various elements which are opposed to the Mowat Government compromises will be necessary, and the result will doubtless be of benefit to the Province, though there is the possibility that even compromises may go too far, and against this danger Mr. Marter must guard himself. The principles at stake are exceedingly important and I feel certain that Mr. Marter will sacrifice none of them, and while congratulating him on his election to the leadership, with the majority of those opposed to the pretentiousness of Mowatism, I wish him every success that can be gained by political tactics and the reiteration and never failing assertion of the principles for which the Opposition in Ontario have fought.

The Ontario Fee Commission has concluded its labors and doubtless discovered what it was sent out to discover, that the present system is well nigh perfect. Indeed, on reading the evidence of numerous office-holders, one is led to believe the hirings of the Ontario Government are not paid much more than half the amount deserved by their virtuous and self-sacrificing services.

At the sitting in Ottawa among the witnesses examined were John Henderson, city clerk, Dr. J. G. Bourinot, clerk of the House of Commons, George Cox, Mayor of Ottawa, and Sheriff Sweetland. The latter gentleman reluctantly admitted that he thought the present system the best that could be devised, and contended that if salaries were paid the officials would get more than they do now. His own yearly emoluments after "paying expenses" he sadly admitted were only twenty-one hundred dollars. What I should like to enquire is, why, if he considers that amount such poor remuneration, he does not go back to the practice of his profession? Would he quit his job if it were reduced to twelve hundred dollars? There must be something attractive about the place or he would return to his saw-bone business. A physician with anything like a good city practice can make more than twenty-five hundred dollars a year, but good, reliable, able-bodied book-keepers can be had by the score for ten or twelve hundred. Then, again, I should like to know the exact meaning of the phrase "after paying expenses." This is a handy, elastic and much abused term. Very often it means "after paying the members of one's family and several outsiders for doing all the work." I am afraid Sheriff Sweetland, who is doubtless a most estimable gentleman, and other officials of the Government—who are all admittedly "good workers"—estimate as the salary of their office only what is left as their political pension for doing hack work in the past and nothing now but wear an official coat three or four times a year. As to the politics of the office-holding witness, it matters little or nothing. All office-holders, without regard to party, are willing to take all they get and "holler for more." The only way to keep office-holders quiet is to give as far as possible their appointment and the payment of their salaries over to the people, who will pay them for public work which is to be done, instead of, as at present the Government manages it, paying them for party services which have been had.

Sir Oliver, however, will not work it this way unless the Patrons force him into it. Looking at his Commission dodge and the witnesses he has had called upon to prove his case, we can easily imagine that if he were, as of old, surrounded by a majority of his trusty political troopers and whoopers, he would cry out, "Take that Patron bauble away."

DON.

Money Matters.

I have been making enquiries during the week with reference to "How are things going?" Everybody has said that "things are better." I often laugh when I try to analyze this peculiar phrase which passes from man to man every day a score of times. It is the feeling about for comfort or information which marks the contact of commercial man. A great many have said that the "feeling" is better; everybody has expressed the belief that if "things" aren't better they ought to be. I am of the opinion that the "feeling" is not better. Of one thing I am certain, the facts are better. The whole country is in a better state than it was a year ago, but facts do not always influence feelings. In Manitoba, for instance, take the crop, prices and all the statistics that financiers found their statements upon; the feeling ought to be much better this year than last year, but it isn't. Last year the loan societies generally either deferred the payment of interest or added it to the principal, leaving the borrower in comparatively easy circumstances. This year, encouraged by the good crops, etc., they are demanding

their interest and some of them are insisting upon the arrears as well: the consequence is that the "feeling" is very sickly. In Ontario we have every reason to talk cheerfully, for I cannot remember an ordinary season which should indicate greater prosperity. Yet the feeling continues to be one of insecurity and the conduct of the majority of those in business indicates a determined and unreasonable preparation for worse times. The banks and those in financial authority are the only ones who can change this dead-alive condition of affairs. The moment there is any authoritative and conspicuous tendency towards the encouragement of new things or coming to the aid of old things that have a reasonable future, the feeling will change, and all at once the whole business of the province and Dominion will take on a new aspect. We have been in the dumps long enough; people have been saving and buying closely for such a long period that some encouragement should be given for launching out a little more.

There is only one feature in the general sizing-up of the situation discouraging to the financial magnates; they allege that the majority of people have not learned to live within their income and that a large number of merchants and manufacturers are still paying boom prices to their employees. I would be the last one in the world to suggest a reduction in the price of the service rendered by the average *attache* of a business house or manufacturing concern, yet there must be, either now or some day, a simplification of the lives of those who work for a salary. Wheat will never come back to its old price; neither will salaries ever reach, even if they retain in the case of old employees, the height once considered a proper maximum. When the banks and monetary institutions believe that hard pan has been reached in every direction, money will be showered out with an encouraging hand. It is hard for us to believe that we have not reached hard pan and the majority of people are waiting for the shower.

There seems to be an improved feeling this week, because, even although stocks are slow, investors are enquiring because they wish to put away their money and desire a better return than they can get from the savings bank. Fire insurance stocks are improving, but life insurance stocks are not improving, because the time has not yet come for people to indulge in what might be called the luxury of a life insurance policy.

The London & Canadian Loan & Agency Company have issued their twenty-first annual report. They have declared their usual half-yearly dividend of 4 per cent. This company is one that is managed by one of the finest directorates in the country, Sir W. P. Howland being president and Sir Casimir S. Gzowski vice-president. The other directors are men of undoubted standing and Mr. J. F. Kirk, so well known in social circles, has proved to be a competent manager. The virtue of this loan company lies in this—that of their subscribed capital of five million dollars they have called up only 14 per cent. or \$700,000. Their reserve fund is now \$410,000. Three years ago the advice was given by an eminent general manager of a bank in Canada that instead of lending money, loan companies should reduce their liabilities and obtain money at a less rate. We observe in this report that Mr. Kirk has taken this advice and arranged in Britain to issue debenture stock, not terrible at any particular period, but which the Company may retain after ten years at their option by paying a premium of 5 per cent. This conveys a certain sense of security to investors. The stock is now quoted at 123. This Company has been taking the advice of the bank referred to in not extending their business, but keeping well in hand what they had of real estate on a low basis of valuation, and at the same time leaving a good margin for contingencies. For instance, in 1893 they had about \$4,000,000 invested in mortgages. This year they have \$10,000 less; while this year they show an increase of capital invested in municipal and other like securities. In comparison with last year they have an increase of over \$80,000 upon called loans. This should mean that they are ready to meet any possible emergency that may occur. What they evidently believe is to contract their liabilities in real estate and have as much as possible in convertible cash for anything that may occur.

The Bank of Montreal has declared the usual half yearly dividend of 5 per cent, but the statement has not yet been issued. No doubt it will bear upon the face of it the monogram which has characterized the reports ever since Mr. Clouston was appointed general manager. At that time he applied the pruning knife so completely that the bank has not met with any losses from dry-as-dust accounts. This is also characteristic of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, which has declared the half-yearly dividend of 3½ per cent. The statement also has not been issued, but we have been led to understand that, owing to careful management, the losses have been very few for the last year. It may be remarked that these two banks have a good deal of money to invest, and don't know exactly where to invest it, and this is in common with private individuals who have money and are looking for openings.

The value of our Monetary Column is shown by one statement having been confirmed with regard to the Montreal Street Railway Company. The price of their stock to day is 164, and the confirmation of the value of this stock is shown by their statement ending September 30, which was laid before the directors this week. Their surplus shows \$37,354 46 for 1893, as corresponding with the previous year of \$20,436 19. The mileage is this year 4,888,486, as compared with last year, 3,438,650. The number of passengers carried for the year were 20,569,013, an increase of three million over last year. This shows the immense influence that electricity is exercising upon transportation, and as the municipal lines extend into the country they will develop trade in every possible way.

It is not to be supposed that this expansion will be antagonistic to the ordinary railway companies, because the very facilities for transportation will increase trade. This development of ordinary road travel is far ahead of the Old Country, but it may be remarked in contrast with this new development that it is on a par with every improvement. The great objection to the extending of railways in Great Britain was made by the carriers, who thought that their horses would not be required any more. The result was that more horses than ever were required, and at the same time it may be said that great riots occurred at the introduction of steam looms because the hand weavers thought that they would not be required any more. The immense manufacturing interests of Great Britain which overshadow all other nations is proof enough of the wise policy which will give the greatest good to the greatest number, and which might be made the national policy of the Dominion if other and local interests are not superior to the world-wide idea.

A Warning.

Amy—Why did you marry Harry, who never sent you any presents, while you refused Jack, who was always giving you jewelry, candy, books and the like?

Mabel—Jack had spent all his money.

Social and Personal.

The reception at Government House on Wednesday was, as usual, a very bright and pleasant affair. Some threatening clouds of the morning passed away and a fair afternoon tempted many people out. Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Judge and Mrs. Kingmili and Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn, Hon. G. W. Ross and Principal and Mrs. Dickson. Most of the gentlemen made speeches, Mr. Cockburn bringing down the house with a ringing oratorical effort on behalf of the college of which he was for a quarter of a century the honored head. The mothers, sisters, cousins and aunts of the prize winners were there in great feather and as proud as the clever students could expect. After the function was over, Mrs. Dickson invited the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mesdames Forsythe Grant, Temple, Mackenzie, Kingmili, Creelman and others to a cup of tea in her drawing-room. Mrs. Grant Ridout and Mrs. Jackson poured tea, and a pleasant little *causerie* took place, after which a drive home in the sunset closed a most enjoyable outing.

The residence of Mr. A. L. Crossin, 434 Manning avenue, was the scene of a quiet but very pretty wedding last Wednesday evening, when Mr. W. D. Oliver was united in matrimony, by the Rev. W. A. Hunter, to Miss Agnes Crossin of Toronto. The bride looked charming in a unique costume of cream Henriette cloth with satin and lace trimmings, and carried a beautiful bouquet of bridal roses. The bridesmaid, Miss Ethel Crossin of Hamilton, sister of the bride, was dressed very prettily in muslin trimmed with lace and ribbon. The groom was supported by his brother, Mr. E. W. Oliver of Toronto. The bride received some very handsome and valuable presents.

Mr. and Mrs. Kerr Osborne have been home for some time at the Queen's since leaving Bond street, have taken a house on St. George street, the one, I believe, formerly occupied by Mr. Columbus Greene. Mrs. Riddell, whose charming personality and exquisite taste in dress are known to a smart circle, will be another welcome hostess on an already much favored street.

Mr. and Mrs. Kerr Osborne have been home for some days. Mrs. Osborne looks radiant after her English visit, and has already worn some exceedingly smart gowns that suggest *la belle ville de Paris*.

Mrs. Drayton's small tea was one of the pleasantest possible affairs. A select *elite* who knew each other well and apparently liked each other better, gave happy evidence that a tea can be a really sociable function. The guest of honor was Mrs. Everitt, a very welcome addition to our ranks of bright and clever matrons. Among the ladies forming a very animated group were: Mrs. Zane, Mrs. Cockburn, Mrs. Sweatman, Mrs. Hay, Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Sydney Greene, Mrs. J. E. Thompson, Mrs. Mackenzie, Mrs. Ferguson, Mrs. James, Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Mrs. Alfred Cameron, Mrs. Duggan, Miss Coverton, Mrs. Sprague, Mrs. Frank Hodges, Mrs. Croft Jarvis, Mrs. Harry Drayton, Mrs. Oliver Macklem, and several others. Miss Drayton received with her mother, and the younger daughters of the house, with Miss Katie Stevenson, poured tea. The venerable but ever gallant Dr. Coverton was the one privileged cavalier participating in his daughter's pretty hospitality, which everyone pronounced thoroughly delightful.

Dr. and Mrs. Norman Walker will be pleased to see their friends at their new home, 478 Huron street, where Mrs. Walker will be at Home on Fridays.

Mrs. Maurice Macfarlane's many friends are glad to see her out again, looking so well despite her recent serious illness.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Ellis have returned to town and will reside at 1A. Harbord street for the winter.

I hear that Mrs. Alexander Cameron's many friends may look forward to welcoming her back on November 15. By the way, the report in several papers that the Princess de Caramy Chimay was the mother of another little daughter in a whist behind the truth. A little son and heir arrived during the summer and great rejoicings were held at Chimay thereupon, the peasantry being feted by the proud papa and many noted people sending congratulations.

Monsieur and Madame Eugene Masson have arrived in Toronto and are at No. 1 Carlton street.

Mrs. Will Hyslop held her post-nuptial receptions on Monday and Tuesday last. Her new home is exquisitely arranged and decorated, and is a fit establishment for one of the prettiest brides of the year. Mrs. Hyslop laid aside her mourning for the occasion and received in her wedding gown of white silk, with dainty silver trimming. Her sister, Miss McLeod of Woodstock, assisted. Mrs. Hyslop, sr., was also present. All the arrangements for this pleasant affair were perfectly made and suggested rather the trained hand of an experienced hostess than the initial effort of a very young and lovely girl, who confessed to having for the first time the charge of a household on her hands.

Miss Ada Lowndes has returned from Cincinnati.

Mr. and Mrs. Columbus Greene and family are at the Arlington for the winter.

P. P. C. cards from Mrs. Nordheimer of Glendale have reached many friends. I am sorry to say that we shall not see this gracious lady nor her petite *debutante* of last winter for many months, as Mrs. Nordheimer will remain abroad some time while her children are at school.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mackenzie spent a Saturday to Monday visit with Mr. and Mrs. Patterson at Eastwood.

Several small functions took place the latter part of last week, and Mrs. Mackay's large afternoon on Saturday closed a week wherein perfect weather smiled upon many outdoor gatherings. On Friday a good many society people were at Upper Canada College to witness the distribution of prizes. The college was surrounded by a string of smart equipages and groups of guests gathered on the campus to witness a game of football. The assembly

hall was crowded with visitors, and on the platform were the Lieutenant-Governor, who took the chair, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, for whom the boys wildly cheered as Lady Kirkpatrick, Judge and Mrs. Kingmili and Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn, Hon. G. W. Ross and Principal and Mrs. Dickson. Most of the gentlemen made speeches, Mr. Cockburn bringing down the house with a ringing oratorical effort on behalf of the college of which he was for a quarter of a century the honored head. The mothers, sisters, cousins and aunts of the prize winners were there in great feather and as proud as the clever students could expect. After the function was over, Mrs. Dickson invited the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mesdames Forsythe Grant, Temple, Mackenzie, Kingmili, Creelman and others to a cup of tea in her drawing-room. Mrs. Grant Ridout and Mrs. Jackson poured tea, and a pleasant little *causerie* took place, after which a drive home in the sunset closed a most enjoyable outing.

The residence of Mr. A. L. Crossin, 434 Manning avenue, was the scene of a quiet but very pretty wedding last Wednesday evening, when Mr. W. D. Oliver was united in matrimony, by the Rev. W. A. Hunter, to Miss Agnes Crossin of Toronto. The bride looked charming in a unique costume of cream Henriette cloth with satin and lace trimmings, and carried a beautiful bouquet of bridal roses. The bridesmaid, Miss Ethel Crossin of Hamilton, sister of the bride, was dressed very prettily in muslin trimmed with lace and ribbon. The groom was supported by his brother, Mr. E. W. Oliver of Toronto. The bride received some very handsome and valuable presents.

Miss Lulu Henderson of Avondale, Cincinnati, is the guest of Mrs. Lowndes of 16 Madison avenue.

Miss O'Hara, who has been seen at a number of our social events, has returned home. Her many friends miss her bright face and merry ways.

Mrs. Andrew W. Ridout of 100 D'Arcy street will receive next Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, October 30, 31, and November 1.

General Herbert and Captain Streetfield dined at Government House on Sunday and left on Wednesday for the East.

Miss Louise Brown of Montreal is visiting Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson.

The many friends of Carlton D. Richardson, whose portrait we publish, tender their heartfelt sympathy to his father and mother,

WM. STITT & CO.

New Tweeds and Cloths

A large variety of the newest cuts and styles for Tailor-made Gowns.

Handsome Silks & Brocades

With pearl trimming and laces, for Evening Dresses and Theater Waists—just received from New York.

SPECIAL.—The only artists in Canada who are making the new Bolero Skirt as worn in Paris and New York.

Try our new glove with the patent cut thumb—the most durable and comfortable ever made. We have it in all the new shades both for street and evening wear.

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CUT THIS OUT AND WRITE FOR PRICES.

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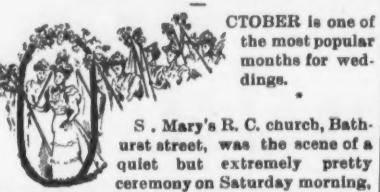
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A very popular place for tea.

John's church afternoon, Rev. Mr. John's officiating.

Mr. John's officiating

Social and Personal.



CTOBER is one of the most popular months for weddings.

S. Mary's R. C. church, Bathurst street, was the scene of a quiet but extremely pretty ceremony on Saturday morning, when Miss Emma Power of 101 Denison avenue became the wife of Mr. James J. MacCallum of the *Belleville Sun*. Shortly after nine o'clock the attractive bride walked up the aisle to the strains of the Wedding March, accompanied by her sister, Miss Power, took up her position at the altar beside the groom. The impressive ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Cruise, after which the Nuptial Mass was celebrated. The musical part of the service was much enjoyed by the number who had found their way to the church, though no invitations had been issued. The bride and her maid were dressed in street costumes of brown. The bride's dress was handsomely trimmed with velvet and cream point, and her whole costume called for many compliments for the simple but rich taste displayed. Mr. MacCallum is well known in newspaper circles, having been connected with the work in Hamilton, Waterloo and Toronto before his recent move to Belleville. After breakfast at the home of the bride's mother, Mr. and Mrs. MacCallum left on the noon train for their new home in Belleville. The best wishes of a large circle of friends in Toronto and elsewhere follow the popular and handsome young couple who have begun life's journey under such favorable circumstances.

On Wednesday, October 10, one of the prettiest weddings of the season was celebrated in St. Michael's Cathedral, when Mr. Francis H. McMonagh, third son of Mr. W. H. McMonagh, was married to Miss Alice Mary McDonnell, fourth daughter of the late Mr. Richard McDonnell of Toronto. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Ryan. The bride was attired in a gray-blue cloth costume, the bodice prettily made with a yoke of gray corded silk and handsomely trimmed with ribbon and cream point lace. She wore a small silver bonnet to match and carried a bouquet of white roses. The bridesmaid was Miss Dolly Duggan, niece of the bride, who looked remarkably lovely in a costume of fawn ladies' cloth and light fawn corded silk, with gold lace, and wore a lovely little hat of gold lace trimmed with pink ribbon embroidered in fawn. Miss Duggan carried a beautiful bouquet of white rosebuds tied with white ribbon. The best man was Mr. Francis R. McNamara, Walkerton. After the ceremony a luncheon was served at the residence of the bride, and later in the afternoon the happy pair left for New York, where the honeymoon was spent. The bride's traveling costume was green ladies' cloth with beaver trimming and bonnet to match. Among the guests were: Rev. Father Ryan, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie H. Duggan, Mr. Francis H. Frost of Belleville, Mrs. D. J. Duggan, sister of the bride. Mr. Charlie E. Duggan, Mr. R. D. Ross, and Miss May Duggan.

A very pretty wedding was celebrated at St. John's church, Portland street, on Saturday afternoon, October 20, Rev. Alexander Williams officiating. The contracting parties were Mr. Alexander C. McConnell and Miss Margaret McCusig. The bride was given away by her uncle, Mr. John Aird, and was attended by her sister Minnie and two little cousins as maid of honor and page, while the groomsman was Mr. H. C. Pearson. Mr. B. Hills and Mr. C. E. Chambers acted as ushers. The bride was attired in a lovely white satin dress trimmed with orange blossoms and lace. The bridesmaid wore white silk with buttercup moire ribbon. Among the invited guests were: Rev. W. R. and Mrs. Cuckshank, Mr. William Cuthbert, Mr. and Mrs. William Aird, Mr. and Mrs. C. Miller of Montreal, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. McCarroll of Detroit, and Mr. and Mrs. E. McConnell of St. Paul, Minn. The happy couple were the recipients of many handsome and valuable presents, one of which was a beautiful case of cutlery and silver from their friends in the Great North-Western Telegraph Company. After the wedding breakfast was partaken of, Mr. and Mrs. McConnell left by the 8:45 train for Montreal, New York and other Eastern cities.

On Wednesday evening at the residence of Mrs. William McLellan, Brampton, Miss M. McLellan and Mr. T. Henderson, both of Brampton, were united in marriage in the presence of about forty guests. The bride was Miss Nellie McLellan, sister of the bride, and the groom was Mr. W. Haste. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Clarke. After a pleasant evening the newly married couple left on the 10:45 train, followed by the best wishes of all present.

At Brockville Mr. James Madill, for the past nine years with Mr. R. Simpson, was married to Miss Wood of that town. Prior to leaving the store for the happy event he was presented by his fellow-employees with a handsome eight-day clock, the presentation being made in happy terms by Mr. J. B. Campbell, chief buyer for the house.

A charming bride has been in Toronto for a few days this week, Mrs. Jack Garvin (née Cameron), who, with her husband, has been visiting Mrs. Garvin, senior, on Linden street. Mr. John Ankell Garvin of Montreal and Miss Florence Eva Cameron were married this month at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. John A. Cameron of Stadacona Hall, Ottawa, by Rev. R. R. Mackay. The bride's gown was of white duchess satin veiled in Brussels point and trimmed with orange blossoms, which orthodox flowers also fastened the bridal veil. The bouquet was of white roses. Miss Eliza Cameron of Montreal was bridesmaid and little Miss Claire McCullough of Ottawa was maid of honor, both wearing gowns of white china silk, picture hats of white satin and plumes, and carrying bouquets of pink roses. Mr. James S. Garvin of New York was best man. After the *dejeuner* at Stadacona Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Garvin left for New York. After leaving Toronto they went to Montreal, where, in the pretty suburb known



Dress Goods

Bought in Bond
At 60c. on the Dollar

OUR own immense importations of dress goods have been supplemented within the week by a large purchase of dress goods in bond at a cost of only 60 cents on manufacturers' price. See what this means:

44-inch Fine French Quill, worth.....	70	AT	55-inch Broadcloth, worth \$1.25 for.....	90
44-inch French Cossard, worth.....	75	50c	45 and 55 in. Scotch Tartans, worth \$1 & \$1.25, for.....	90
46 inch Henriette, worth.....	75	Per	46 inch Scotch Tartans, worth 75c, for.....	90
44-inch French Armure, worth.....	75	Yard.	46-inch all wool French Twill.....	AT
46-inch Estamine Sorse, worth.....	75		46-inch Twill Satin Cloth, all wool.....	25c
45-inch Coverl' Celing for dresses, worth 80c, for.....	80		44-inch Amazon Cloth, all wool.....	Worth
48-inch Scotch Tweeds, worth 70c, for.....	70		44-inch all wool Foulis Serge.....	50 to 80c
47-inch Navy Barans, worth 80c, for.....	80		44-inch Scotch Tweed.....	

Order any goods we sell by mail.

R. SIMPSON

S. W. Cor. Queen and Yonge Streets, Toronto
Entrance—Yonge St. Entrance—Queen St.
Store Nos. 170, 173, 174, 176, 178 Yonge Street
1 and 3 Queen Street West

as Cote St. Antoine, they will make their home. Mr. Garvin is so well known in Toronto that everyone was interested in his marriage and his friends are charmed with his beautiful and amiable bride.

Messrs. James Bain & Sons have in press a directory for the use of society people, which is, I am told, to be compiled on the same lines as the *Elite* directory of Chicago. This useful volume was much appreciated by visitors to the City of the Fair, and the idea has since been taken up and accomplished by Messrs. Bain, of having similar publication for Toronto. The directory contains the names and addresses of the leading people of Toronto, with the reception days of society ladies, telephone numbers and lists of the fashionable clubs' membership, various hints on etiquette, and advertisements of the most modish and popular places of business. Many society people have already ordered copies of the Toronto *Elite* Directory, which will undoubtedly aid many a busy woman of fashion and careful secretary in their management of social affairs. The book will be ornamental in appearance, and is to be ready in a week or two.

Thickly Populated.

It was on the "Delay, Linger, and Wait." For some reason or other the train had been side-tracked at a small station, and the occupants of the smoking-car were killing time with reminiscences of the railway.

"Talk about queer railroading," broke in the Bostonian, who had hitherto been an interested listener in the corner, "why, the trains on the Saugus branch of the Boston and Maine make so many stops, and the stations are so near

together, that when the brakeman on the front platform opens the door and shouts, 'Pleasant Hill!' the rear brakeman pokes his head in at the other door and yells, 'Clifton-date!'"



Gas Fires

Almost everybody likes a grate fire. It is bright and cheerful and a much more pleasant way to warm oneself than over a "hole in the floor."

That is why the gas fires have become so popular. They have the warmth and cheeriness of the coal fire without any of their ashes, dirt or trouble.

We make a specialty of this work and will guarantee satisfaction. Estimates furnished free.

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Fish, Oysters
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In addition to our large display of Fruit we are now showing a grand variety of Fresh Fish, including Salmon, Halibut, Cod, Haddock, Trout, Whitefish, etc. Bulk and Can Oysters, Spring Chickens, Spring Ducks, Wild Ducks and the choicest selection of Fruit and Vegetables in the city.

Simpson's 736 & 738 YONGE ST.
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SELECT

Makes of Black Dress Goods, suitable for first or complimentary Mourning. Special attention is always given to this department. Ladies waited on at their own residence if desired and the complete range of samples seen.

Reliable black goods can always be purchased here at the closest prices. Ladies and Children's Mantles in great variety and exceptional values.

H. A. STONE & CO.
212 Yonge Street

112 Yonge Street

Ladies...

Who are lovers of the beautiful and artistic in Millinery Novelties will find pleasure in inspecting my French, American and English importations for this season. Prices moderate.

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NEW FALL MILLINERY

MISS PAYNTER

Will be prepared to show a full stock of Parisian Novelties, as she has just returned from Europe.

3 King Street East

Assisted by elevator. First floor.

MISS MILLS'

DRESSMAKING PARLORS will be open to her customers with a full line of the Parisian Styles, as she has just returned from Europe.

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JAMES SCOTT & SON

Are showing the largest and most complete stock in Canada of

ART CRETONNES, MUSLINS and SATEENS

These comprise a bewildering variety of choice floral and conventional effects in the most correct colorings. PRICES RANGE FROM 10c. TO \$1.50 A YARD. Also a very large and varied stock of

Swiss Curtain Muslins and Nets and Scotch Spot and Figure Muslins Ranging from 15c. to 75c. a Yard.

Prompt Attention to Letter Orders
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"As Soft as Eiderdown"

That's a common expression. To clean an eiderdown quilt and retain the softness, the fluffiness, is a delicate task. To do it successfully requires the greatest care and skill. We are prepared to do this work and to do it well. We can give a quilt much of the lightness and delicate softness which, when new, makes it so desirable. Our prices for the work range from \$1 to \$2.50. Considering the care and labor necessary, this is a slight cost. Let us send you our catalogue and price list.

R. PARKER & CO.,

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A Beautiful Gown.

It is a frequent experience with ladies that when the bought with care, and made with taste, some indefiniteness is lacking to give it the perfect touch of beauty. It is the supplying of this that has made

PRIESTLEY'S DRESS FABRICS

universally esteemed. Priestley's Black Dress Goods, made in Henriettes, Crepe Cloths, etc., are such a cunning and effective blend of silk and wool that when the dress is made it drapes in perfect gracefulness, giving to the figure that charm without which the costliest dress is a mere distress.



These Goods are for sale by W. A. Murray & Co., Toronto.

The Misses E. & H. JOHNSTON

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Are now showing...

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PEMBER'S HAIR STORE 127 Yonge St.

For Fine Hair Goods Pember's latest styles Parted Bands, made in MODERN PROVED principles. Prices, \$3.50, \$4 and \$5.

LONG HAIR SWIFTS, first quality from \$1 to \$10.

Ladies' and Gent's Head Coverings at low prices. Ladies' Hair Dressing in latest and most becoming styles for Parties, Balls, Weddings, Photos, etc. Treatment after fevers and other diseases.

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LADIES, USE MAGIC CURLING FLUID. Thousands know the value of this article for keeping the hair in sum. The effect is delightful. Price 25c. ask your druggist or manufacturer.

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Six Doors East of Spadina Avenue.

Miss M. E. LAKEY

Formerly of 80 Gerrard Street East, having just returned from the Fall openings in New York, is prepared to suit her customers in the current and incoming French, English and American styles.

Evening Gowns and Trousseaux a specialty.

Mourning orders promptly attended to.

A Daughter of the Philistines

BY M. E. O. MALEN,

Author of "For Her Sake," "Only a Heathen," "The Stolen Will," "Two Countesses," "Naomi, the Gipsy," "The Shadow Hand," "Greville's Wife," &c.

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CHAPTER XL.

Kathleen found her sister almost hysterical from anxiety, but in the relief of seeing her, Nora was easily satisfied with the simple explanation that she had been detained and asked no inconvenient questions. Neither did she seem to notice Kathleen's pale face and troubled eyes, for these she could not always hide, although she managed to speak cheerfully. She was so tired that she slept well, but as soon as she began to rouse in the morning the whole weight of her secret seemed to fall upon her with a sledge-hammer force, and left a dull ache at her heart and brain. She dragged herself somehow through the duties of the day, and no one seemed to perceive that anything was wrong, but the strain told upon her, and when night came she was weaker than she had ever been in all her life before. The next week passed in much the same way, and by the end of that time it would have been difficult to tell, from outward appearance, which was the invalid—Kathleen or Nora—for both had pale cheeks with a spot of hectic color under the strangely bright eyes, and both moved as if their bodies were pain and weariness to them.

Altogether it was a gloomy household, for Mr. Chester was in very bad spirits, as no offer came for "Hagar." Leonie was sulky and disengaging, because, as Kathleen opined, her wages were overdue, and the general atmosphere was depressing beyond measure. Mr. Chester's boon companions did not care to come, in such circumstances, for these human vermin naturally desert a failing house, and their credit was so low, evidently, that Leonie sent them very meagre meals and threw out dark hints of Barneside faults in perspective, which were still less cheering.

On a certain day Kathleen—on whom the chief burden fell—found her thoughts travelling to Captain Carew, and already she could picture the comfort of a strong presence and earnest nature at her elbow. She was over-weighted, and nothing in her training had fitted her to contend against such odds. However, there was good stuff in her, and she slashed herself mentally until every recalcitrant sense, every quivering nerve, answered to the rein. Nora always found her with a smile on her face, and a bright word or jest ready, and how should she guess that she laughed often because she would not cry. Even when one morning Leonie was found to be missing, having taken herself off without warning, Kathleen put herself into the breach and lit a fire and prepared the breakfast and made a gibe of it all to Nora.

Not that there was much to joke about, for she found the cupboard as bare as Mother Hubbard's, and Mr. Chester grumbled loudly because there was no sugar for his tea. "If you will give me some money I will go and buy some," she answered in a cheerfully offhand tone.

"Money!" echoed impatiently. "You know very well that I haven't a farthing in the world."

"No!" she said half incredulously, half reproachfully, "and you had so much."

Mr. Chester looked supremely uncomfortable. Leonie was an efficient housekeeper, and then, with a sudden burst of recklessness, "it is a poor house that never rejoices. We have had our money's worth of pleasure, anyhow, and now we must pay the piper."

"I would rather we hadn't piped quite so blithely, and then we might have had something left to go on with," she answered, tears forcing themselves into her eyes when she thought of Nora.

"One can't foresee these things," he returned placidly. "Life would not be worth living if one were always looking forward or backward."

"One must look a little way forward. For instance, there is dinner to-day."

"Ah! yes, dinner to-day, and he fumbled in his empty pockets. "You had better order in what you require," (loftily).

"None will give us credit. Leonie told me so yesterday."

"Umph! ah—" said Mr. Chester, in an embarrassed tone, walking to the window and looking out. "Something will have to be done."

Kathleen longed to ask what, but wisely refrained. Mr. Chester was an illogical optimist, and it was useless to discuss any questions of this sort with him. He put his own side so plausibly before you, and so thoroughly believed in it himself that he was apt to lead you away. Kathleen's natural tendency was toward an imaginative, not a common-sense view of things in general, and she was beginning to understand what a snare such a temperament as this was apt to be. She guarded herself at all points against giving way to it, and struck against being argued out of her honest convictions.

So she went back silently to the kitchen and busied herself in browning an onion, which was to form the basis of a sagoent made out of almost nothing, after a favorite receipt of Stella's. Whilst she was so occupied she heard the front door open, without any previous warning, as if Mr. Chester had seen someone approach and had admitted this person himself. For about ten minutes she heard faintly, at intervals, a voice she seemed to recognize and then repudiate alternately, until she was like one in a dream, growing dim and cold, quick-pulsed and faint-pulsed in rapid succession. Then there were steps in the hall once more: the front door opened, shut again, and Mr. Chester went back to his smoking room whistling cheerfully.

He did not refer to his visitor when they met, but he had sent in a good many supplies meanwhile, so there could not be much doubt that this visitor had been a satisfactory one. She was not often curious about the people who came to see her father, and it happened that often she did not know them by sight or name, but, strange to say, she was seized with a burning curiosity to find out who was there that morning, the more so that Mr. Chester had run her questions off with a smile and seemed more than usually eager in the dark.

"What is the use of knowing?" Nora said when she consulted her. "It would only make you more uncomfortable. Of course papa borrowed money of somebody, but it is not our obligation after all; and I don't suppose it much matters who it was."

"So long as it wasn't Captain Carew," she said with a nervous jerk.

"And I would rather it were Captain Carew," put in Nora with decision. "Because he is an honest gentleman, and papa will be safe in his hands."

"Oh, yes, of course, but it is the feeling."

"That is my feeling," responded Nora, looking at her sister curiously, "and we generally think alike."

"But for this once we will agree to differ," Kathleen said, and made exit abruptly.

CHAPTER XLII.

For the next three days everything went on swimmingly at Venetian Lane. Mr. Chester was in high spirits, according to his report when he had ready money in his pocket, a woman had been engaged in Leonie's place, who, like all new brooms, swept very clean, and "all went merry as a marriage bell!"

Nora seemed better, so Kathleen indulged her temperament for once and put aside care. But on the fourth morning she received a check in the form of a cheque for fifty pounds.

Nora was watching her as she opened the letter, for they had both been puzzling over the address, as people are wont to do, and she

naturally felt curious about Kathleen's unknown correspondent. When she saw this letter tossed from one end of the room to the other, and saw Kathleen's cheeks suddenly flame and her eyes fire, she jumped up and ran to her side.

"Oh! Kathie, what is the matter?" she cried.

"That—that creature has sent me money, anonymously," she said, in a voice choking with indignation. "How dare he?" and she looked dangerous.

"What do you mean?"

"It was Captain Carew papa borrowed off—I was sure I recognized his voice—and knowing we were in want of money he has sent me that, in an empty envelope with her for—" "Oh! Nora, had we not fallen low enough without this insult?"

"Stop, Kathie, and try to be just," urged Nora. "You do not know that it was Captain Carew."

"Who else could have done it?"

"Stella."

"Stella," repeated Kathleen, embarrassed and surprised. "What made you think of her?"

"Because that is just the sort of thing she would do."

"Yes, I know," turning away her head, "but we could not use it in any case, and I am sure it was not Stella."

"Why?" she asked.

"She does not know where we are, for one thing, and the world would naturally suppose that we could do without help for some time, having her Bonnell's legacy."

"Stella would not naturally suppose anything of the kind, Kathie, for she understands papa even better than we do. It was she who predicted, if you remember, that he would spend all the forty pounds in London that time, and we poor poohed the idea; but he could not even pay for the fly when he got home."

"Yes, but nearly a thousand pounds!"

"With his lavish hand, tens of thousands would vanish as quickly. Indeed, papa ought to have been a millionaire, and as he isn't, poor man!" she added, with a sort of tender indulgence. "It is very hard for us all."

There was a short silence, and then Nora said:

"What are you going to do with the cheque, Kathie?"

"I shall keep it until I see Captain Carew; he will tell me the truth when we meet face to face."

"But if it should prove to be he, which I doubt, you must not be hard upon him, Kathie, for it was well meant, I am sure, and we all make mistakes sometimes."

"But not mistakes of that sort, if we have any good blood in us," she answered, her eyes firing again. "He ought to have understood that it was easier for us to starve than to accept alms."

"It seems to me that the poorer we are the prouder we get," said Nora with a sad little smile. "People ought not look for such fine sequences. It was not like us."

"People like us!" repeated Kathleen indignantly. "What do you mean, Nora?"

"Just what I say. I know you are going to snub me, my dear, and remind me of our good birth, but this is a democratic, money-loving, parvenu age, and I fancy that all our birth would not impress people so much as a little gold."

"Yes, I know; but don't let us talk about it. I hate the age!" exclaimed Kathleen passionately, as she locked away the cheque and went downstairs.

The next few days were dark days, indeed; and in spite of the natural spring in Kathleen the shadows about her settled heavily on her spirits, and though she still kept a smile for Nora she cried many bitter tears in secret. The thin face grew thinner, the dark eyes larger and brighter, the languid step more languid, the breathing quicker. Kathleen noticed, however, that she was a good deal better, but this was due to her companion, and I fancy that all our birth would not impress people so much as a little gold."

"I would rather we hadn't piped quite so blithely, and then we might have had something left to go on with," she answered, tears forcing themselves into her eyes when she thought of Nora.

"One can't foresee these things," he returned placidly. "Life would not be worth living if one were always looking forward or backward."

"One must look a little way forward. For instance, there is dinner to-day."

"Ah! yes, dinner to-day, and he fumbled in his empty pockets. "You had better order in what you require," (loftily).

"None will give us credit. Leonie told me so yesterday."

"Umph! ah—" said Mr. Chester, in an embarrassed tone, walking to the window and looking out. "Something will have to be done."

Kathleen longed to ask what, but wisely refrained. Mr. Chester was an illogical optimist, and it was useless to discuss any questions of this sort with him. He put his own side so plausibly before you, and so thoroughly believed in it himself that he was apt to lead you away. Kathleen's natural tendency was toward an imaginative, not a common-sense view of things in general, and she was beginning to understand what a snare such a temperament as this was apt to be. She guarded herself at all points against giving way to it, and struck against being argued out of her honest convictions.

So she went back silently to the kitchen and busied herself in browning an onion, which was to form the basis of a sagoent made out of almost nothing, after a favorite receipt of Stella's. Whilst she was so occupied she heard the front door open, without any previous warning, as if Mr. Chester had seen someone approach and had admitted this person himself. For about ten minutes she heard faintly, at intervals, a voice she seemed to recognize and then repudiate alternately, until she was like one in a dream, growing dim and cold, quick-pulsed and faint-pulsed in rapid succession. Then there were steps in the hall once more: the front door opened, shut again, and Mr. Chester went back to his smoking room whistling cheerfully.

He did not refer to his visitor when they met, but he had sent in a good many supplies meanwhile, so there could not be much doubt that this visitor had been a satisfactory one. She was not often curious about the people who came to see her father, and it happened that often she did not know them by sight or name, but, strange to say, she was seized with a burning curiosity to find out who was there that morning, the more so that Mr. Chester had run her questions off with a smile and seemed more than usually eager in the dark.

"What is the use of knowing?" Nora said when she consulted her. "It would only make you more uncomfortable. Of course papa borrowed money of somebody, but it is not our obligation after all; and I don't suppose it much matters who it was."

"So long as it wasn't Captain Carew," she said with a nervous jerk.

"And I would rather it were Captain Carew," put in Nora with decision. "Because he is an honest gentleman, and papa will be safe in his hands."

"Oh, yes, of course, but it is the feeling."

"That is my feeling," responded Nora, looking at her sister curiously, "and we generally think alike."

"But for this once we will agree to differ," Kathleen said, and made exit abruptly.

CHAPTER XLII.

For the next three days everything went on swimmingly at Venetian Lane. Mr. Chester was in high spirits, according to his report when he had ready money in his pocket, a woman had been engaged in Leonie's place, who, like all new brooms, swept very clean, and "all went merry as a marriage bell!"

Nora seemed better, so Kathleen indulged her temperament for once and put aside care.

But on the fourth morning she received a check in the form of a cheque for fifty pounds.

Nora was watching her as she opened the letter, for they had both been puzzling over the address, as people are wont to do, and she

her sister's side.

"We are near the Murderer's Pool," she whispered with a shudder. "I have dreamed of it so often lately—I have felt sometimes as if I could not bear to come to Chisbury at all."

"Oh! Nora! and I thought you were long gone after home!" replied Nora, and then seeing how pitiful and disappointed her sister looked, she added quickly, in a caressing tone, "I am sure it will do me a great deal of good—and if not it is best."

"Why, Nora?" enquired Kathleen, puzzled.

"Because I shall be near the churchyard."

Kathleen was trying to choke down her tears to answer calmly, when the hand on her arm clutched at her so violently she gave an involuntary cry of pain, and she found the rings the rings that had fastened the figure to the surface as she stung it. The figure and profile were both like Violet's, so like that Nora gasped over her name. Kathleen could not contradict her, having a strong conviction that she spoke the truth. She was going to call out to the driver to stop, seeing she must not leave the question in doubt, when he whipped up his horse and galloped off as if the devil himself were in pursuit, and though she did her best to stop him he was too much scared to pay any heed. They were a mile away from the Murderer's Pool before he checked the panting animal and wiped the profuse perspiration off his face.

"I've heard tell of ghostesses," he said, in a shaking voice, "more especially in these parts, but I have not seen any of them since this blessed night, and I'll take good care it doesn't occur again, for if there's no other way back to Stowborough I'll stay at Chisbury all night."

And he settled his hat determinedly on his head and drove on. It was no use arguing with ignorance like this, and it was impossible for Kathleen to go back and see if she could make any discoveries for herself. Nora was with her, so she tried to reassure and cheer her, until presently they came in sight of the Chase, which Jane had illuminated as a sort of welcome, and which threw out bright streaks of light across the road from all the lower windows.

"Home at last," Nora murmured with a wistful glance along the path up to the open door. "How I wish we could be resting now."

It was nothing but rest for the next few days, for, in spite of Kathleen's care, Nora had caught cold and must needs remain in bed. Mr. Blandford called the next morning, but Kathleen had given orders that no one should be admitted, and she saw him from the window walking away with his head drooped on his breast and guessed at his sorrows. He had given orders that she should remain in bed, but this was not the case.

"I don't know about that. He had been brought up extravagantly, and he always expected to have all the property here, minus his aunt's jointure. Her ladyship is an arbitrary woman, but not bad-tempered, although people don't always know it, and she enjoyed her power and used it inconsiderately at times, I dare say. The end of it was he bought a commission and went off to India, leaving her lamenting, for she was really fond of him in her way."

"She's reading a novel," thought the dealer.

"But day after day went by and the book appeared to hold her attention as absorbingly as ever."

The young woman's habit of reading annoyed customers, who did not like to be kept waiting for their change. So the dealer decided to speak to her about it.

"She's reading a novel," he said, "but I don't like to have her read novels during business hours."

The young woman looked up in astonishment.

"I am not reading a novel," she replied. "I never do read them."

"Then what is that book you keep your eyes on all the time?"

"Why, it's Euclid."

"And who wrote it?"

"Well, he denied the marriage—said there had been a mere flirtation, which the scandalous persons had magnified into something serious, and proposed to come home soon."

"And he did?"

"Yes; but he did not allow her to know when he started, and she only found it out quite by accident, just as she found out other things concerning him from a friend in India."

"I see—The plot thickens," said Kathleen, acting indifference splendidly. "Then she was on the lookout for him when she honored us with a visit. The odd part of it was that she showed more interest in proving my cousin's identity than in discovering his."

Advice for Young Men Before Marriage.

Select the girl.

Agree with the girl's father in politics and the mother in religion.

If you have a rival keep an eye on him; if he is a widower keep two eyes on him.

Don't swear to the girl that you have no bad habits. It will be enough for you to say that you never heard yourself snore in your sleep.

Don't put much sweet stuff on paper. If you do you will hear it read in after years, when your wife has some especial purpose in inflicting upon you the severest punishment known to a married man.

Go home at a reasonable hour in the evening. Don't wait till the girl has to throw her whole soul into a yawn that she can't cover with both hands. A little thing like that may cause a coolness in the very beginning of the game.

It, while wearing your new summer trousers for the first time, you sit down on some molasses candy that little Willie has left on the chair, smile sweetly and remark that you don't mind sitting on molasses candy at all, and that "boys will be boys." Reserve your true feelings for future reference.

If on the occasion of your first call the girl upon whom you have placed your young affections looks like an iceberg and acts like a cold wave, take your leave early and stay away. Woman in her hours of freeze is uncertain, coy and hard to please.

In cold weather finish saying good-night in the house. Don't stretch it all the way to the front gate, and thus lay the foundation for future asthma, bronchitis, neuralgia and chronic catarrh, to help you to worry the girl to death after she has married you.

Don't lie about your financial condition. It is very annoying to a bride who has pictured for herself a life of luxury in her ancestral halls to learn to late that you expect her to ask a bald-headed parent who has been uniformly kind to her to take you in out of the cold.

Don't be too soft. Don't say: "These little hands shall never do a stroke of work when they are mine," and "you shall have nothing to do in our home but to sit all day long and chirp to the canaries," as if any sensible woman could be happy fooling away time in that sort of style; and a girl has a fine retentive memory for the soft things and silly promises of courtship, and occasionally, in after years, when she is washing the dinner dishes or patching the west end of your trousers, she will remind you of them in a cold, sarcastic tone of voice.—*Exchange*.

People Who Lack Decision.

Cautious people are sometimes too cautious. The story of a man who considered seriously for a week whether it would be wise for him to pay \$500 for a lot, and after deciding in the affirmative learned from the real estate man in a more careful conversation that it was \$500 per front foot, is a case in point.

A few days ago a stranger, while passing a haberdasher's store, was attracted by a display of shirts, which were further distinguished by a placard on which was printed the legend: "These are 75 cents." It happened that in the same case were a few silk umbrellas, which command about \$6 each on a pleasant day, with a slight tendency to rise if clouds gather. The pedestrian gazed long and earnestly into the window, then he wandered away, only to return soon and gaze again. This was repeated several times.

Finally he entered the store and asked to look at the umbrellas. One was brought out and he opened and examined it with the utmost care. It seemed to suit him exactly, and he turned to the proprietor and remarked, "I'll give you an even sixty cents for it." The proprietor evidently didn't think he understood aright, for he leaned forward and said, "What?" The stranger again informed him, "I'll give you an even sixty cents for the umbrella." The proprietor was dazed. Then he began to recover.

"How much do you think it costs?" he enquired.

"Seventy-five cents."

"And have you been debating all this time whether you would give that amount for a silk umbrella?"

The stranger said he had.

The proprietor led him gently but firmly to the door. "My friend," he said tenderly, "you are too far from home, and you'd better scot before some hungry car horse gets a chance to nibble at you and makes a funeral of you before the mistake is discovered."—*St. Paul Pioneer-Press*.

It Had Been a Bird-cage.

The prisoner was before the bar of justice for having been before some other bar too long.

"What were you doing drunk on the street?" asked the judge.

"Was I drunk, Judge?" was the reply in a tone of surprised innocence.

"The arresting officer says you were."

"Perhaps he's right, Judge, but I was just going along with a birdcage in my hand."

The judge had a jug set before the prisoner. "Do you call that a birdcage?" he enquired. "That's what you were carrying along in your hand."

The prisoner picked it up carefully, removed the stopper, took a snuff and turned it upside down. It was as dry as he was.

"Well, Judge," he answered slowly, "it ain't a birdcage now, since them officers has had a whack at it."

"Probably you are sober now and see things differently."

"That ain't it, Judge. It was a birdcage when I had it last."

"Possibly you can explain what you mean by a birdcage," suggested the puzzled court.

"Easy enough, Judge," smiled the prisoner; "it had forty or fifty swallows in it when they got it," and the lucidity of the explanation and the possibilities of what had happened to it affected the judge so powerfully that he dismissed the case.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Mrs. Strongmind—I really believe that I am at last beginning to make an impression upon the public. Mr. Strongmind—Have the papers praised your last lecture?—Mrs. S. strongmind—No; but to day I heard you mentioned as the husband of Mrs. Strongmind.

Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

CAMILIA—You did not enclose a coupon.
E. H. London.—1. Yes, from any bookseller. 2. See answer to Camelia.

SNOWBIRD—You will have plenty of character when time has touched you. At present I don't think a delineation will be just. See remarks No. 1 & 2.

DIXIES—You are very impressionable, fond of planning, a bit of a pessimist and very imaginative. You are fond of your way, bright, impetuous and impatient, a character requiring plenty of work and hard work to concrete its parts solidly.

CHRISTOPHER—This is rather an immature study, but promises very well. You are fond of ease, very discreet, cautious and self-assertive. You seem to lack ambition, sympathy and intuition. Your faults are those of youth, and you are generous, candid, honest and persevering.

MARSHAL—You have unusual strength and constancy of purpose, very bright mentality, plenty of discretion, and altogether a very strong and original personality. You should be a clever girl, fond of a good time, bright in manner, and pronounced in likes and dislikes. Although Lily has finer principles, you are likely to make more friends.

MARY E.—You are impulsive, idealistic, and while honest and frank rather apt to be careless of details. Some desire to excel, ambition, and a bright and rather optimistic nature are shown. You love fun, have little tact and are a bit capricious, but good-hearted and anxious for praise. I think you have considerable natural talent, and a very easy consciousness.

A BRONWELL—I wonder do you ever read my rules. Fortunately your accompanying note suffices without your quotation. 2. You have great sense of beauty, an easy and clever manner, rather an ambitious mind, excellent perseverance and some facility. You love your own way, study appearances, have some imagination and much energy; are very decided, a little artificial and should be a wilful, clever and charming personage well able to take care of herself.

GWENDOLYN—I am afraid you are prone to look on the gray side overmuch. You have very social and somewhat romantic nature, incapable of argument and apt to take short cuts to any end. You may be clever at many things, but I think you dislike steady application and have some impatience of delay. You are affectionate and fond of luxury, incapable of fitness, nor markedly sympathetic; discretion is with you the better part of valor. You'd be a kind friend if not always a wise adviser.

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EDMUND B. SHEPPARD - - Editor

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The Drama.

N the stage we are quite familiar with the trick of seeing the heroine disguised in male attire. Shakespeare worked the dodge successfully, and others have succeeded before and since the master. There is something artistic in it, but dramatists have

never seen anything artistic in having male characters disport themselves in female garb. Before and for some time after the days of Shakespeare all female *roles* were played by beardless boys with chicken voices, but this was regarded as a necessity and the sex of the youngster representing Rosalind or Juliet was supposed to be overlooked by the spectators. It was not a requirement of the plot but a feature of the dramatic crudity of the time. It must have put a severe strain upon spectators of Shakespearean drama somewhat less than three hundred years ago, to see a male in male attire and yet be compelled to regard him as the sweet Rosalind. In real life women have often palmed themselves off as men and men as women. To give a local instance, it may be said that tradition tells us that William Lyon Mackenzie, on the failure of his rebellion, saved his life by escaping in female guise to the United States, and I remember having been told by one who professed to have seen him that he made a most presentable little woman. In rude farces we have seen female parts taken by men, but no artistic successes are recalled. Charley's Aunt undertakes to make something out of a hitherto rejected idea. The result is funny without being much more. The piece claims more than it is entitled to. It won't wear. We are apt to get more of this than we care for. It is amusing at first acquaintance, but it is likely to pall quickly on the public. The whole mirth of the piece rests upon the veiled sex of the pretended aunt. Young Lord Babberly is induced to dress up as an old lady, pretending to be Charley's Aunt, so that a couple of young ladies, invited to tea with two students, won't stampede on finding that the Aunt did not arrive as expected. The deception is purely gratuitous, for there is nothing feminine about the uncouth creature introduced to the young ladies. It resembles a ghoul—and a masculine one at that; and the young ladies were in duty bound to faint at sight of it, but they didn't. No, they seemed to take a fancy to her right away. And then the old man made love to the ghoul with the rifted base voice. The whole thing is of course an amusing absurdity, and was so intended. But the authors of the piece cannot rightly claim to have made a dramatic departure of any account, for the masculine Charley's Aunt is no more feminine than the alleged female of the cheap farce who wears hoops and talks or sings with the voice of a vegetable peddler. As an ordinary farce-comedy it ranks well, for it is new in plot and is highly amusing. The company is good without getting anywhere near the point of brilliance.

Marie Sanger's Royal Burlesque Company is not to be compared with the Grenier Company which played to such good business at the Academy of Music last week. Of course the cheap prices that rule at the Academy make the Sanger show passable, but Manager Starr has given us such good things for the money that we thought he had hit upon a secret enabling him to do it right along.

Nothing much requires to be said about Hades up to Date, which is running at Jacobs & Sparrow's. Hades is scarcely yet regarded by the majority of people as a place to joke about.

Any humor that it gives rise to must be of a grim order. The people, the scenery and the general material used in the entertainment referred to are good enough to amuse at any time, but Toronto resents the idea of burlesquing Hell. Our interest in the place is by no means personal, nor do we know that it is a religious duty to speak respectfully of it, but there is something (I trust that it is not in the nature of premonition) that makes a light treatment of the grimy kingdom distasteful to the average run of decent people. Logically, it should be a religious duty to treat the place and its master with contempt of every kind and scoffings without end. Satan can expect nothing else, nor does he deserve aught else from Adam's race. If we condemn infidelity, malice, crime and all such agencies, why not condemn their author? If we condemn wicked places which are called ante-rooms of perdition, why not direct our energies against the head office as well? Why should we respect that one whom the Saviour in the wilderness did not, even by a word, attempt to reform, considering him too fallen, evidently, for reformation? Still there is an instinctive feeling that hell should not be burlesqued upon the stage, and I join in the protest. It can do no good and may do harm.

There were but few vacant seats at the Massey Hall on Friday evening, when, with a view to augmenting the band funds of the Royal Grenadiers, Mr. W. E. Ramsay presented his new scenic production, *A Trip Around the World*. Mr. Ramsay has recently returned

from his travels in Europe, and the vast audience accorded him a most flattering reception when he first appeared on the stage and introduced his entertainment by giving an amusing account of an ocean voyage, but this, in addition to the importation of some of the latest London Music Hall comic songs, was all there was newabout the entertainment. However, Mr. Ramsay has made a tolerably good selection of slides and prepared an interesting lecture. Miss Gaylord contributed a couple of songs, and the Grenadier band played several selections, apart from accompanying the talented young humorist in the song, Tommy Atkins, with which he made a decided hit.

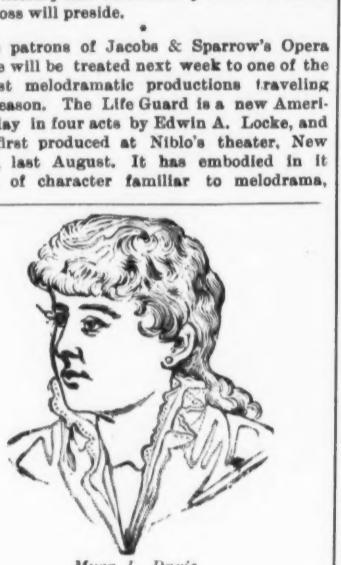
Lovers of Shakespeare should note the announcement of a lecture on Macbeth, to be given in St. George's Hall, Elm street, on Tuesday evening, October 30, by Rev. Henry H. Woude, of the Jarvis street Unitarian church. Mr. Woude is a Shakespearean scholar of some note and those who attend may rely upon having a literary and educational feast. Hon. G. W. Ross will preside.

The patrons of Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House will be treated next week to one of the biggest melodramatic productions traveling this season. The Life Guard is a new American play in four acts by Edwin A. Locke, and was first produced at Niblo's theater, New York, last August. It has embodied in it types of character familiar to melodrama,

and the author is said to have woven around them a story of more than passing interest.

The engagement will be all the more interesting because it will mark the reappearance here of the well known heroic actor, Joseph J. Dowling. He is supported by the clever character comedienne, Myra L. Davis, whom Torontonians will recall as a member of Evans and Hoey's Parlor Match Company. The piece is said to be splendidly mounted, the scenic and mechanical accessories being something quite beyond the ordinary.

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Myra L. Davis.

A Trick of Memory.

M R. Gerald Hopkins was a power on the street. He was one of those men who appear on 'Change some morning, make a bold move, and by lunch time are accepted in financial circles much as the weather is in the agricultural community—to be taken advantage of if propitious, to be struggled against if unfavorable, but never to be wholly eliminated from the problem of existence.

There had been a time, some fifteen years before, when Mr. Gerald Hopkins had adorned other stations in the financial and social worlds which were quite undreamed of by his present friends. Jerry Hopper had been one of the shop boys in the retail establishment of Messrs. Squeezem & Co., of Chicago; had carried piles of shoe boxes hither and thither at the command of his haughty superiors in the intervals of much dusting and sweeping; had risen to a position of command himself, and had in his turn knelt at beauties' feet to ask—if their shoes fitted them.

Time brought wealth, and after years of foreign travel he came to New York and took his place among those who are of finer clay. Wherever he had gone in his wanderings he had carried with him the image of golden-haired little Adele Squeezem as he had so often seen her flitting through the tawdry shop in the old days in Chicago.

Among those he met in his first winter in town he recognized the living presence of his boyish ideal. Secure in the disguise of years and wealth, he determined to win her, but found it no easy matter. The European prejudices which she had absorbed and the ever present consciousness of the plebeian source of her father's princely income had hardened Adele's heart to the advances of anyone whose ancient lineage and immoral conduct were not the cause of gossip to two continents. Confident that no one knew his story, and that no one need know it, he entered determinedly on this as on any other of his speculative ventures.

The soft strains of a waltz throbbed on the perfumed air, colored lights paled and glowed on palms and ferns and rare flowers. Beside a bank of stately lilles Adele sat slowly waving a huge fan. "Adele—Miss Squeezem," cried Gerald at her feet. As he pronounced her name he hesitated a moment, while before his eyes there floated a confused vision of a sweet face in a white gown and he heard the rattle of the drays and cable-cars above the music of the dance. For a moment Adele gazed into his eyes as women do who seek to read the soul of those to whom they are about to trust their own, then there came into her face a look of dawning recollection and dismay. With a gasping sigh she rose slowly to her feet and swept past him between the palms, saying drearily, "Not anything more to-day, Hopper, thank you."

S. J. ROBERTSON.

The Grits of Beechfield.

The Frequenters of the Post Office can't make out why all Dead Men Vote Tory.

I see that the new voters list is just about completed, and I s'pose anyone what don't git his name on won't be let vote for the next twenty or thirty years," said Tom Howson, dropping *The Daily* and swinging around on the box which he was using as a seat.

"Yes, that's the worst iniquity ever practiced on free people," said Johnson Smith, one of the election phrases he had heard during the last election, when a Toronto lawyer's clerk (whose name, in mercy, we suppress) had roared and raved in the abused name of oratory in the schoolhouse up the road. If the beardless ranteer supposed that his daring falsehoods were swallowed, if he supposed that his impudence passed for greatness or his noise for eloquence, he was mistaken. But the loyal Grits of the locality did not forget that he was sent by "the party," and they stood by him, though inwardly each man resented the slight which he put upon their intelligence in requiring them to yell approval of absurd statements. Still, the Fence Viewer and humbler people felt that the youth just about sized up the Franchise Act properly.

Now when Johnson Smith came out with this remark, condemning the Tory voting machine, a curious thing happened. General expressions of approval arose, and slowly looking around he saw that every man in the store was a Grit. Teddy Graham, Pickett and the others who were usually quick to accept a challenge, were absent.

"I see we're all of mind," said he. "We hain't held our reg'lar meetin' of the Township Liberal Committee for Division No. 6, and we might just as well hold it now. We mayn't git as good a chance for quite a while."

"Ye don't hold nothin' of the kind to-night," said the Postmaster decisively. "Ye see all these parcels—they've got to be called for yet and there'll be people droppin' in continuus."

"Besides, Mr. President," said young McKenzie, weightily addressing the self-conscious Fence Viewer, "I hain't got my books here as in the constitution therein pverified."

"Yer right, we couldn't do nothin' without the minute books. We'll hev to wait till some other time."

"I heerd yesterday that Teddy Graham hed got a list of over fifty new Tory names in this division."

"Well, I'm goin' to see that about fifty old ones is struck off the list," said the Fence Viewer. "I'm just about tired seein' 'corpses walk up and vote Tory every 'lection. They don't go no road work and got to quit votin'. It's all right 'nuff, this bein' respectfull to the dead, but respect's one thing and votin's another. I never could make out how it is, but let a man be a Grit of the hottest kind and the day he dies he jist flops clean over and votes Tory ever afterwards till his name's took off the list for good. Now, in our family nobody ever give a Tory vote in their life. Well, ye remember my father died just afore the last 'lection. They had everythin' their own way at the booth until ten o'clock, and when our man got there, what d'ye think? He found that Johnson Smith's father had come all the way over from the graveyard on the sixth concession and voted, and when the poll closed he could tell by the count that he'd voted Tory. Now that's what my old man done after he wuz dead, and ye know what kind of a Grit he wuz all his life. I tell ye if Sandy Mackenzie's name ain't struck off, I wouldn't be surprised to hear that he'd rose up and voted for Billy Maclean at the next 'lection. My father wuz about the last man in the world to change his mind. Some of ye used to blame him for joinin' the Orange men, it bein' mostly a Tory affair. Did ye ever hear what he done it fer?"

Everybody wanted to know the reason.

"Well, he told me afore he died that he jined 'em to purify 'em. He said that every time a Tory wuz proposed for membership he blackballed him, and he held that if the thing wuz took up by the party the Orange body could be made nootter gender and past tense afore long.

He wrote to Sir Oliver about it and got back a most encouragin' letter. 'Course this is all between ourselves and the gate post, ye understand."

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"It won't last long," somebody remarked; "the Grits'll sweep the country next time."

"We've got ready to sweep things several times," mused the Fence Viewer. "But, say, ye remember I wuz over to the county town a couple of weeks ago. Well, who d'ye think I met over there?"

They all gave it up.

"Alex. Smith, the new Grit organizer. Yes, I did, and got quite thick with him too. We wuz talkin' about these very things. He said

that it was a terrible sight to see the city

graveyards on 'lection days—all excited and yawnin' up Tory voters every minute. But he's a smart fellow, that. He's goin' to fool 'em next time. And how, d'ye think? He's found

that most of the caretakers and grave-diggers is

Grits and next 'lection he's goin' to swear 'em

all in as poll-clerks so's they can spot the dead

vote. It's a good idea."

The talk naturally drifted around to the pros-

pects of the local candidates in the next elec-

tion. Later someone dropped a remark about Toronto's city treasurer finding fifteen thousand dollars that he didn't know existed.

"How can they lose such a large lump of money as that?" asked one of the young men.

"How? It's easy enough," said Tom Howson, who hated to have the short end of the talk.

"The treasurer of a city like Toronto has an

awful lot of money to handle and an awful lot

of accounts to pay. Ye've been in a bank,

hain't ye? Well, ye've seen the money with

lastic bands 'round it, and the way the boy

heaves it about as though he wuz pitchin' horseshoes and didn't want to win. Well,

men git used to handlin' money just the

same as they git used to takin' off their own

shirt and puttin' on another one to wear in the night; it comes natural after a while and they

don't think nothin' of it. The treasurer divides

the money up for this committee and that

committee and the other committee. He puts all

he can on the table and all he can on the chair,

but there hain't room, so he piles the money

for the Road and Bridge committee or the

Sheep Kill'd by Dogs committee on the floor.

When the grants are made to the different road

divisions the pathmasters come in for their

money and he stoops down and hands it out.

Well, he bumps his head against the wad on the

table and it falls on the floor and git kicked

under and ain't found until house-cleanin' time

in the spring or fall. They found fifteen thousand

the other day abhind the wood-box, and if ye'll

remember they found thirty thousand—I think

it wuz thirty thousand—in the spring when

they wuz kalsomolin'a."

"Well, sir, don't be beat all!" exclaimed several,

exchanging looks of honest astonishment, but the Fence Viewer, of course, being a municipal officer in a humble way, had known all about it beforehand and evinced no surprise.

MACK.

The Punishment of Sin.

Between You and Me

ONT you enjoy an honestly spoony couple? There, I fancy I can hear you laugh a little scornfully and with some impatience and contempt, and I wonder if you know how much that laugh is responsible for. It has been the fashion of late years to jeer at and make jokes upon demonstrative affection, or even any suspicion of spooniness whatever. Some of us are old enough to remember when it was the fashion for papa and mamma to emerge from their home and proceed down the public thoroughfare with linked arms, and papa stuck out his chest in many a pride and mamma drooped her shoulders in modest reliance upon papa's muscle and general ability to fight for two. What would one think of such an exhibition nowadays, and wouldn't one broad smile of mirthful sarcasm greet the pair of curios? In old days, when sentiment had perhaps too prominent a place, some wideawake and disgruntled man or neglected woman made the first Edwin and Angelina joke. The new butt proved attractive to sharp-shooters. Jokes, gags, slang epithets, comic songs and cartoons sprang up like mustard and cress, appetizing and piquant, if not substantial. And sentiment shrank before the hall of rally. It became *passé*. Papa and mamma un-linked arms and walked each on his or her own responsibility. Papa did not bother himself about mamma, and that erstwhile clinger braced her shoulders and adopted crinoline and skirt lifters. A laugh changed the attitude of the sexes. Now, sentiment is like the measles, largely an affliction of youth, and should be treated on the principle of "better out than in." Instead of that, what is the *regime* nowadays? Just as soon as the first sign of a rash—I beg pardon, of a tender passion—appears, someone sees, someone proclaims, and a cold and merciless laugh comes like a north wind and drives in the rosy output of a sensitive soul. Then the hardening process begins. Laughter and jest frighten off the pausing cupids; the disease is suppressed, and as in the case of suppressed measles the result is lamentable.

Some years ago there was a rage for progress—a craze for new things, pinchbeck architecture, veneer, tawdry, flaring, wearisome decoration, over-crowded rooms, microbe-fostering hangings, new manners (or lack of them), new fashions of speech, vapid slang, and coarse and inartistic construction. To-day we are weary of it all, and there is a turning back upon our tracks, a memory of bygone ways and words, right here in this age of New Women and patched men. The innate good taste and high feeling of the brightest natures turns determinedly around the circle and halts along those old-fashioned lines. It is better to be loving and dependent; it is healthier to look up than down; it is wiser to take the creative plan and run the relations of the sexes on a basis of give and take, of mutual interest and esteem. I heard a wild-eyed woman at the Chicago Fair say thus: "It was not good for man to be alone, so woman was made. Always man was considered; woman was merely an adjunct to his comfort. Poor woman! doomed to years of subjection because she was necessary to man's comfort! But, sisters, it is not good for woman to be despised; woman can stand alone. The Supreme Wisdom decided that man couldn't. Which, then, is the superior being? Woman!" And a party of women clapped their hands, and bridled and shook their aigrettes as the wild-eyed one straightened up the balance of the creation, and I sneaked away with a man and went to hear the Hungarian Band in the Trocadero, and tried by my humble and dependent mien to soothe the feelings of that man who had overheard the wild-eyed woman.

We don't know much about the wild eyed woman here. She flourishes down east, oratorically, and out west, practically. No one of observant habit disputes the fact that continual belittling will deprave most men, nagging spoils their tempers, which is deplorable enough, but contempt goes deeper and does worse. I believe if I were doomed to live among Woman's Rights women for six months I should become a veritable Betsey Bobbitt, a clinger of the most dependent sort. I always considered Betsey Bobbitt as the natural consequence of Samanthy Allen, and while I've admired Samanthy I sympathized always with Betsey. These are, however, only ninth-provoking types and don't touch the deeper thought with which I began this chat. My regret was roused by the general shame-facedness of the modern Cupid, and by the lack of spontaneity of the modern spoony couple. Now, that word "spoony" owes an apology to all lovers, suggesting, as it does, a period of childish imbecility, whereas there is not on all this bedraggled earth so charming and so delicious a spectacle as that of two youthful, happy, enthusiastic young idealists, treading on air and oblivious of everything but the rapture of being thoroughly head over ears in love.

We have had a new experience this week. While we were devoutly saying our prayers in the synagogue last Sunday somebody made free with our Lares and Penates. It has been a comforting thought that whenever thieves might decide upon paying me delicate attentions, the only thing they could steal which I could not easily replace would be Mr. Gay. However, on our return to the small domicile on Sunday night, we found that the poor had been with us and had benefited by their sojourn. Such a looking house quite disconcerted me. Can you imagine how all your earthly belongings would look, were they piled in little haystacks in the middle of each apartment? Would you like your tooth powder in your hat, and your glycerine and rosewater in your rubber? And how would you like your kerchiefs and gloves plentifully dusted with moth exterminator? And if you were a man, would you feel sweetly towards a thief who carried off all your footwear and nether garments? And would you ever go to church again? I could not help ruefully recalling the couplet left on a pillaged sideboard by a couple of Sunday thieves; it came in very aptly:

If you could catch as well as pray,
You could not steal your goods away.

LADY GAY.

The Throne of Russia.

ALEXANDER III of Russia has not led very pleasant life. There are men in very humble walks who have extracted more from life than he. Since the 13th day of March, 1881, when his father Alexander II. was killed by a bomb thrown from the hands of a Nihilist, he has been in constant danger of a like violent death. Several attempts to assassinate him have been made, and while they all failed, yet they sufficed to produce in him an unrest far from comfortable. Although he ascended the throne immediately after the death of his father, it will be remembered that he was not crowned until two years later (1883) owing to fear of the Nihilists. His reign is short; his age is only forty-eight years. His reign has been uneasy; his career unsatisfac-

Moscow in 1569. The press has never flourished in Russia, for even to this day editors are sent to Siberia for expressing any unapproved opinion upon any question of economy, public policy, religion, or science even. Ivan set himself up as a patron of the arts and favored international intercourse, yet in one year he put more than sixty thousand men to death in the city of Novgorod, torturing them with all the most exquisite devices he could invent. The offence of the men of Novgorod consisted in asking an extension of civil liberties. We have heard a great deal about Peter the Great, who visited England and had a natural talent for ship-building, and who gave Russia its first navy worthy of being so named. Anecdote and tradition have made him a pleasant figure to the minds of English-speaking people. But he was a Czar, and in his title is written his character. He

for she slaughtered to no end and beyond all excuse. Mary and Elizabeth of England were cooing doves compared with her. She was, moreover, one of the most scandalously immoral of queens. There is scarcely in the whole line one upon whose name a searcher can place a finger and call him clement, for those who did not wage barbaric war practiced atrocities in their political rule that exceeded the worst done anywhere else in Europe. English kings, even in the Middle Ages, spoke to the courage of their soldiers in case of need, but even so late as in the days of Napoleon a Russian Emperor cheered his army just before a crucial grapple with the frenzied idolators of "the little corporal" with some such message as this: "Those who do not die here like men will rot in Siberia like dogs." This is the sublimest message of encouragement that any Czar has condescended to give to his suffering



Alexander III. of Russia.



The Czarina.



The next Czar of Russia.

into dust with iron heels, we know, but the marvel consists in this, that the oppressive power which they created did not in time bring about their own undoing. In France, in England, in almost every nation we have seen this occur. From the days of Ivan the Terrible until the present time the Czars have ruled by might and fear. Ivan ascended the throne in 1533 and laid some claims to being an enlightened monarch. Printing had only been discovered about the year 1530, yet Ivan started a printing office in

Moscow. He considered knee breeches the proper garment, and to put an end to pantaloons he ordered his soldiers to cut off every man's pantaloons at the knee whenever they came across the objectionable garments, and to cut them off with their swords while the offender's legs were inside them. This operation was none too delicately done by the rough soldiers, and it may be readily believed that pantaloons went out of fashion in one day in Moscow and all Russia. Catherine II. was perhaps the most wolfish occupant of any throne in history,

James Anthony Froude.

BY AN ADMIRER.

TO THOSE whose minds are elevated above the insignificance of temporal affairs, the single line in the Toronto newspapers of Saturday evening last announcing the death of James Anthony Froude contained matter of more impressive interest than the series of bulletins describing the hourly changes in the critical condition of the Czar.

The life of the historian Froude is familiar to everyone. We know the history of his college life; how he was intellectually influenced by the Tractarian movement in which his brother, Richard Hurrell Froude, had warred with that faction of the English Church led by Newman, which was endeavoring to Romanize beautiful England. We behold him again weeping over the ruin of religion as he penned his first work, *The Nemesis of Faith*. We see him, in the interest of cherished truth, abandoning his university fellowship to preserve his independence. His later works, *The History of England*, the *English in Ireland*, his study of *Cesar*, and his more modern productions are too recent to require repetition. A restless soul that "dwelt apart" and scathed with scorn his fellow-men; a bitter cynic removed from the glory of Athenian ages to the era of English empire; an historian draped in darkness and garbed in gloom, destroying the fallacies of antiquity; a spirit changing with the rapidity of earnestness into the Junius of controversy; the Carlyle of criticism, the Niebuhr of history, the Montaigne of faith—such is the almost inconceivably inconsistent combination composing the historian James Anthony Froude.

To understand his writings is to know Froude. That fiery cynicism which burst into the fierce flame of fury wherever it shone on the errors of men, flashes with a white lightning brilliancy through all his masterly writings.

Froude's cynicism was not the creature of a cold or cruel spirit. It was the product of kindness and of love. He beheld with disdain his fellowmen bowing at the shrines of the idols of an ancient age. It was of no avail that they had been persuaded time and again to abandon their idolatry. With eyes closed and with hands clasped they continued to worship in darkness and in ignorance. The chanting of mystic music and strange songs to their gods aroused in them an enthusiasm which reason could not assuage. By one means only could the idolatry be caused to cease. That means was the destruction of the idols. With this aim Froude commenced his tremendous task. Perhaps as an innooclast he was not timor-



James Anthony Froude.



THE CZAR AND CZARINA WITH THEIR CHILDREN.

cent in their grimness. They cannot relax, it seems. When they concede anything they must abandon all. It is their nature for one thing, and it is a consequence of their rule for another thing, for the Russian people have long scores to settle. A presage of what may some day happen is found in the fact that Alexander II., who erected 23,000,000 serfs into freedmen, was later assassinated by the promoters of liberty.

How General Butler Lost a Horse.

While in front of Petersburg the general received information that his favorite horse, Almond Eye, had been accidentally killed by falling into a ravine. Upon the departure of his informant, he ordered an Irish servant to go and skin him.

"What! Is Almond Eye dead?" asked Pat.

"What's that to you? Do as I bid you and ask no questions."

Pat went about his business and in an hour or two returned.

"Well, Pat, where have you been all this time?" sternly demanded the general.

"Skinning the horse, yer honor."

"Does it take nearly two hours to perform such an operation?"

"No, yer honor, but then, you see, it tuck 'bout half an hour to catch him," innocently replied Pat.

Gen. Butler cast upon his servant such a ferocious look that Pat thought he meditated skinning an Irishman in revenge for the death of his horse.—*Boston Herald*.

ALBERT R. J. F. HASSARD.

Poor Tommy.

Bell—Why doesn't Tommy get married?

Nell (contemptuously)—Can't afford it.

"Well, he and his wife could live on 'bread and cheese and kisses,' couldn't they?"

"Yes, they might; but Tommy hasn't been able to find any girl who could provide the necessary bread and cheese, as yet."—*Somerville Journal*.

Short Stories Retold.

James Payn says that some people give mighty little towards church support and are like the boy when asked to verify a thing. "Will you take your oath on it?" "Yes." "Will you take your dying oath on it?" "Yes." "Will you bet a shilling on it?" "No." Many church people are not ready to put up a shilling on their convictions.

The Due de Ro clore, the favorite of Louis the Fourteenth, was very forbidding both in face and person; but there was another nobleman at court who was still less agreeable-looking; this person had killed a man in a duel, and sought De Ro clore's interest with the king for pardon. "Why do you want to save this fellow's life?" asked the monarch. "Sir," replied the duke, "if he were to suffer, I should be left the ugliest man in France."

Vestrin, the great dancing-master, died at eighty-three, and it was said he would have lived till a hundred but for a sudden and mortal blow in the shape of an advertisement. One day he asked for a newspaper—probably for the first time in his life. Scarcely had he opened the sheet, when his eyes lighted upon the following: "Wanted, a professor of dancing at Calcutta. Must be a skilful chiropodist at the same time." He took to his bed and never left it again alive.

At one of the quiet summer hotels in the Adirondack region (says the *Tribune*), a husband and wife attracted by their pleasant manner the liking of the waiter detailed at the table. Madam, like a true American, called for a little more of some particularly nice pie, whereupon her husband rebuked her jocosely in his care for her health. "No, no, Milly," he said; "you have had quite enough pie for your good." "Never you mind him, Milly," said Einathan, the waiter, leaning over her chair, a perfect mass of sympathy: "you kin hav all the pie ther is; here's a h'ull one."

One of the attributes of Prince Henry, son of James II., was an intolerance of bad language; even when a butcher's dog killed a deer that he was hunting, he said (when all his train was swearing at large), "There is nothing that is worth an oath." An excellent reproof to the user of swear words was given by the learned and pious Dr. Desaguliers. At every oath the offender uttered he kept asking the doctor's pardon; the latter bore it for a time with great patience, but at last observed: "Sir, you have taken some pains to render me ridiculous by your pointed apologies; but if God Almighty does not hear you, I assure you I will never tell H'm."

Lord Ellenborough once reproved a bricklayer for coming to be sworn in his usual habiliments. "When you have to appear before this court, witness, it is your bounden duty to be clean and decent in your appearance." "Upon my life, if it comes to that," said the bricklayer, "I'm every bit as well dressed as your lordship." "How do you mean, sir?" exclaimed the chief-justice angrily. "Well, it's just this—you come here in your working clothes and I come in mine." It was very seldom, however, that anybody got the better of Lord Ellenborough. A witness, dressed in a fantastical manner and who had given discreditable evidence, was asked in cross-examination what he was. "I employ myself," he said, "as a surgeon." "But does anyone else," enquired the chief-justice, "employ you as a surgeon?"

It is said that Voltaire, while a young man, eager for instruction, was perpetually asking questions. Despreaux, on one occasion, with impatience and considerable harshness, reproved him for indulging in this propensity. Voltaire never forgot the reproof, and not only gave up his habit of putting ques-tions, but became more and more averse to answering such as were put to him. In time he came to rise abruptly and leave the company of a persistent questioner, without the faintest suggestion of an apology. He is said to have greeted an inhabitant of Geneva, who had furnish'd him with the idea and model of the interrogating bailiff in the *Droit du Seigneur*, with the remark: "Sir, I am very well pleased to see you; but I wish to inform you beforehand that I know nothing about what you are going to ask, whatever it may be."

On one occasion a decision which Blaine made as Speaker of the House greatly enraged a new member, who waited on Pennsylvania's avenue after the House adjourned, with some friends, declaring that he would "have it out or fight." "You can't," said one of his friends; "nothing you can say will get the bitter of Blaine's good humor and politeness." "We'll see!" said the enraged man, as he caught sight of the stately figure of the Speaker coming slowly toward him. He stepped forward quickly and stood across his path. "Mr. Blaine," he said loudly, "I don't know you. I am no acquaintance of yours. But I take the liberty of telling you, sir, that you are a fool and a jackass!" "Indeed!" said Blaine mildly; "now I wonder," regarding him thoughtfully, "what kind of a liberty you would have taken if I had been one of your intimate friends!" and bowing courteously he passed on, while the companions of the congressman burst into a shout of laughter.

When the Duke of Marlborough visited America, he stopped at one of New York's swell hotels. On entering the dining-room one evening, he was seated at a table opposite one occupied by half a dozen Harvard students. Calling the waiter, the duke asked for a *menu* card, and exclaimed, on looking it over, "Is that all? Vile—simply vile! Wine list, waiter." After scanning the wine list, he made the same remark in louder tones, attracting the attention of the students, one of whom immediately called, "Walter, menu," and on glancing at the card remarked, "Is that all? Vile—simply vile!" Another called for the wine list, looked it over, and, with disgust in every word, mimicked, "Is that all? Vile—simply vile!" The duke turned angrily in his chair, and, addressing the student in haughty tones, said, "Are you aware, gentlemen, that you are mocking the Duke of Marlborough?" The six Harvard students looked at each other in undisguised disappointment, exclaiming in

chorus, "Is that all? Vile—simply vile!" while the room rang with laughter.

Advice to a Husband.

BY AN OLD BACHELOR

I know a poor dejected wight
Who's wed a wife that's very bright;
Who's wed a wife that wants to vote,
And wants to wear her husband's coat.

But now I do rejoice to say
There dawns for him a happier day,
And all the joy to come says he,
Is due to me! To none but me.

Sai I, one night, "Your wife is right."
She knows it well," said that poor wight.
"If so she choose," said I to him,
"She may give way to every whim.

But you likewise may go and do
Whatever may seem good to you.
So, when she wears your collar white,
Why don't you wear low-neck at night?

"And when her bicycle she tries
Before the startled public eyes,
Make haste, her riding has done,
And mount your horse, side-saddle;

And when she gives a little tea,
That you're on hand be sure to see;

And when she kisses any dame,
Smile sweetly, and go do the same.

"If she should do your Derby, pray,
In her spring bonnet go your way;
And when for voting she replies,
Cook you the meal 'pon which she dines.

When she invades your cigarette,
Do you invade her vinaigrette.

In short, whatever she may do
That's macaroni, why straightway you

"Do something quite off minute.
I'll wager you sixteen to eight.
This plan her action's sure to rule,
Lest people think she's wed a fool;

For woman, I've observed, is set
Perhaps not much on esthetic,
But she would rather suicide
Than suffer one iota in her pride."

—*Harper's Bazaar.*

Lizards in the Stomach.

A Reptile Swallowed While Drinking in the Dark.

Excruciating Agony Suffered by Mrs. Westfall
—Nerves shattered and Death Looked for as
the Only Hell.

From the *Treasury Courier*.

The editor of the *Courier* having heard of this strange case of Mrs. Simon Westfall, made inquiry and learned the following facts: "Mrs. Westfall said that one evening some three years ago she went to the well and pumping some water drank a portion. As she did so she felt something go down her throat kicking and told her mother so at the time. Little she thought of the agony in store for her through drinking water from a pump in the dark, for a female lizard found its way into her stomach and brought forth a brood. After a while the sight of milk would make her tremble, and she used to give it up. The disorder increased so that the sight of milk would produce effects bordering on convulsions. She lost her appetite but would feel so completely gone at the stomach that she had to eat a cracker and take some barley soup frequently, to quiet the disturbance within. She took medicine for dyspepsia and every known stomach disease, but got no relief. She changed doctors, and the new doctor having had an experience of this nature before, gave her medicine to kill and expel the lizards. For three years the poor woman suffered all kinds of physical and mental agony. Her whole system, kidneys, liver and stomach were all out of order. Her heart would flutter and palpitate so faintly as to be imperceptible, and a smothering feeling would come over her, that it was often thought she had given her last gasp. Her memory was almost gone, her nerves shattered so that the least sudden movement would bring on collapse through exhaustion. Sits of terror and suspense she would be dizzy and experience the most depressed feelings and lowness of spirits. After the removal of the reptiles, the doctor sanctioned the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and she took three boxes but found no apparent relief. She then gave up their use believing she was past the aid of medicine. At this time a Mrs. Haight who suffered twelve weeks with la grippe, and who was completely restored by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, urged Mrs. Westfall to begin the use of Pink Pills again. She did so and soon she perceived their beneficial effects. Her appetite began to improve and for two months she has steadily gained strength, health and steadiness of nerve and memory. She can now do her household work and feels as well as ever. She says she cannot speak as strongly of Pink Pills as she would like to, and feels very grateful for the great benefit resulting from the use of this wonderful medicine."

Mrs. Haight, before referred to, is enthusiastic over her own perfect recovery from the after effects of la grippe, feeling as well as ever she did in her life. She also corroborates the above statement regarding Mrs. Westfall's cure.

These pills are a positive cure for all troubles arising from a vitiated condition of the blood or a shattered nervous system. Sold by all dealers or by mail from Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. There are numerous limitations and substitutions against which the public is cautioned.

The eminent physician was irritable. Calling the janitor, he said, "Who is it that keeps singing? I would not live always if it's the lady in the apartment above, sir." "Well, tell her that as a professional man I am prepared to assure her that she won't and that there is consequently no cause for further agitation on her part."

Theatrical Manager—I find it impossible to make use of your play. It is too long for the stage. Amateur Playwright—But can't you lengthen your stage?



SUNLIGHT SOAP

Has proved
by its
enormous
sale that it is

The best value for
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of any soap in the market.
Millions of women throughout the
world can vouch for this, as it
is they who have proved its
value. It brings them less
labor, greater comfort.

Hints About Your New Gown.

EVERY sumptuous are the house-gowns and all those prepared for social functions this winter, while gowns for street wear, shopping, walking and traveling will be marked by severe simplicity. The question of drapery is most decidedly answered by its almost entire absence from all imported models. The new fabrics are so rich and beautiful in color and texture that all trimming is superfluous on them, and there will be even fewer trimmed skirts worn than last year. However, as the ingenuity of the *modiste* must be exercised in some way, she varies this monotony, now and again, by the addition of panels on one or both sides of the skirt, or by an arrangement of pleats which serve for the introduction of bows, rosettes, large ornamental buttons, and *appliques* of passementerie or lace. The corseage becomes more and more a work of art, and the labor lavished upon it would formerly have made a whole gown. Yet, in the most successful of these artistic creations, the elaboration is so cunningly concealed that the effect is simple, and only the initiated appreciate the skill of both designer and worker. Sleeves, also, are most intricate in construction, and consume enormous quantities of material. But the fashion is really not extravagant, for it is no longer *de rigueur* that the sleeve either match or even harmonize with the skirt or corsage. Many sleeves are draped and wound about the arm in intricate folds and puffs that defy imitation, and are the despair of the seamstress whose task it is to make a pair alike. Some droop at the top, letting the greatest fullness appear at the elbow, while others stand out enormously from the shoulders. For street wear the *gigot*, full and large at the top, but fitting the forearm closely and extending well down on to the hand, is the approved model. Those of house-gowns and for all dressy occasions are shorter than heretofore. A charming house and carriage gown is of dark blue faced-cloth over cherry silk which shows through the cut-work embroidery, a vine of which extends from waist to hem on the outside of the ripple folds in the back and at intervals around the front and sides. The skirt is seven yards wide, and the cherry silk underskirt is lined to the waist behind and above the knees in front and on the sides with horsehair crinoline. It is finished around the bottom with a band of black satin ribbon headed by gold galloon, but this is hardly seen even when the wearer moves. The corsage has a yoke and sleeves of black *mousseline de soie* over cherry silk, and the full blouse front of blue cloth is embroidered like the skirt, and also slashed over the bust to admit accord-pleated *mousseline de soie*. A beautiful heliotrope crepon gown has a perfectly plain skirt. The full front and part of the back of the corsage are of striped *moire*—light heliotrope and delicate green—and the draped sleeves, which extend to the collar band in pleats fastened by jeweled buttons, are of crepon with tiny cuffs of the *moire*.

very light-weight crinoline. The heavy canvas is very little used. Many cloth skirts have no lining, being simply faced with the gown fabric; when a lining is put in, it is either of silk or percale, which adds but little to the weight. For the theater and first cool days are short triple capes of cloth or velvet, the deepest cape reaching only to the waist, and all very full.

LA MODE.

A Reasonable Request.

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?" said the editor of the *Wahoo Paralyzer*, as he looked up from his desk and saw a large man with a strong-colored whiskers standing in front of him.

"You are the editor, are you?"

"Yes."

"I was reading last week's issue of the *Paralyzer* and I was much struck by one of your able editorials. You write the editorials, I presume?"

"Yes, sir," replied the editor, deeply gratified, for it was not often that citizens came in to commend the editorials. "What was the subject of the article which struck you so favorably, may I ask?"

"It was about the gold question."

"Oh, yes; I remember now. That editorial involved a great deal of research, sir; but I never spared any pains or begrimed the time thoroughly to investigate an important subject."

"You dealt with the gold supply, and I think you used an expression something like this: 'We have now \$287,000,000 in gold coin.' I think I have quoted the amount just as you had it?"

"You have, sir. My authority for the statement was the very best obtainable, sir."

"No doubt, no doubt. I did not come to dispute your statement, but to take advantage of it, sir."

Mrs. B. M. Hall, Fernwood, Ill., U.S.A., August 15th, 1894, writes: "I am 61 years old. For two years I had been afflicted with partial paralysis of the lower limbs, rendering me unable to walk a block without complete exhaustion. After using *Cetocura* for five days the pain has entirely disappeared, permitting me to enjoy a good night's rest, and after ten days' treatment I was able to walk two miles without fatigue."

Now fresh air is

Ismail's name of the most

unfortunate

and the most

name of the

Our Weekly Original Story

Guilty or Not Guilty.

THE EXECUTIONER'S DAUGHTER.

(An Arabian Tale)

[At the recent meeting of the Ethnographic Society of Paris, France, M. Bourgoin-Lagard read a paper on the hitherto undiscussed Arabic legend which follows: covering most makes a pleasant addition to Oriental short stories. It has been translated for SATURDAY NIGHT by J. Hunter Duvar.]

ONCE upon a time, in the glorious reign of the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid, the executioner of Bagdad was one Muley, always spoken of as Muley the Sullen. He had an only daughter of eighteen years, beautiful as a morning in spring. Her willowy stature, supple and well proportioned, resembled that of the hours of whom the Prophet promised eternal possession to those who, when here below, had kept the precepts of the Koran. Her black hair was blacker than the raven's wing; her skin, dazzling white as pearls of the Gulf of Persia, relieved by the flush of the Bengal rose. Under the adorable arches of her jetty brows her eyes, two black diamonds, shone with a fire tempered by the most exquisite sweetness. Her lips seemed tinted with the old Tyrian vermilion and never hid the teeth—enamel set in coral—while a divine smile ever played on her countenance. It were tedious to enumerate all the charms of the ravishing Miriam. Let it suffice that never did favorite sultana shine with so fine a presence as did this humble daughter of the dread finisher of the law. There is nothing further to disclose on the subject of her merits than to say that her intelligence and her talents were equal to her lofty exterior graces.

Miriam was not exempt from nature's universal law. The son of a rich merchant of the capital of the caliph was attracted by her. He was a handsome young man, elegant, amiable, and full of noble qualities. Miriam, on her part, could not behold him without giving him her heart. But the parents of young Ismail, when he informed them of his desire to take to wife the daughter of Muley, loaded him with curses and swore that they would banish him for ever from their home if he ever again spoke of such an intention. On the other hand Muley, who keenly felt the ignominy of his own occupation, vowed that he would kill Ismail if he continued to follow her. "Poor child," he said to his daughter, "thy mother died in giving thee birth and thou hast had no guide of thine own sex to warn thine innocence and cordon against the temptations of a villain who knows he cannot make thee his wife. But I will put a stop with this strong hand to the intrigue of this thief who would rob thee of thy honor."

In vain Miriam assured her father of the purity of her lover's intentions. He would hear nothing, but embracing her tenderly, besought her to give up this love which could have no good result.

Some time afterwards, in a delicious night of summer, Miriam, whose heart had not been able to obey the stern commands of her father, was in a kiosque at the extremity of the garden, where her ear drank in the passionate words murmured by her lover. The young girl, half entranced under the charm of those languorous delights, did not observe her father coming down from the terrace where he had been taking the air and stealing silently towards the kiosque. Neither did Ismail perceive it, and it was only when Muley, in a paroxysm of wrath, drew his sword that the glitter of the steel warned the young people they had been discovered.

Ismail with one bound cleared the garden wall and disappeared in the street.

Muley, although he adored his daughter, placed honor above everything, and under the erroneous belief that she had been frail, sabred her on the spot.

Now the neighbors, who were enjoying the fresh air of night in their balconies, recognized Ismail by a sudden burst of moonlight as he fled. Next day when the murder became known these neighbors pointed him out as undoubtedly the criminal. The young man was arrested and taken before the judge of the criminal court. This judge having heard the witnesses, all of whom were firmly convinced of Ismail's guilt, condemned him to death. The unfortunate young man, plunged in despair by the loss of her whom he had worshipped second only to Allah, was not sorry at the sentence which would reunite him to the lovely one without whom his felicitous life was of no account. He, however, protested his innocence to the last hour, for if he were indifferent to life and even wished for death he determined at least to protest in the face of heaven that his was not the hand which had shed blood, for the preservation of which he would have poured out the last drop of his own.

Muley meantime justified more than ever his name of the Sullen. His soul was a prey to the most dreadful agonies, but his outward manner, always impassable and morose, did not betray the violent conflicts which shook his whole being. He knew that Ismail was innocent because he himself was the murderer. But he believed this same Ismail had seduced his adored daughter and in his eyes the young man was equally criminal, for if he had not actually killed Miriam he had killed her honor, which he, her father, considered a yet greater crime. The criminal therefore must die. That was clear. That was but just. But was it just that he, Muley, should strike the blow? Was it right in his legal capacity? As a father he had that right, but as a functionary of the law had he? His conscience forced him to reply no! He—as the murderer—knew that he—the executor of public vindictiveness—would have to strike off this innocent man's head.

Muley sat down, traced some writing on a tablet, wrapped it in silk tissue, sealed and addressed it "To the Caliph Haroun al Raschid." Already the armed guard had conducted Ismail to the place of execution. The condemned on his knees, with bent head, awaited the fatal stroke, for he had bravely obtained leave to die with his eyes unbandaged. All the magistrates who had condemned him, stood near.

Muley the executioner threw off his caftan and holding aloft the letter which he had written, cried with a loud voice: "This for the

Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid." Then seizing his scimitar he plunged it into his own heart.

They crowded around, but Muley the Sullen was dead.

The Criminal Judge at once took the letter and hastened with it to the Commander of the Faithful. Haroun broke the seal and read what Muley had written, then gave orders that the officers of the palace and as many of the public as the halls would hold should be admitted. He also ordered that the condemned be brought in.

When his orders had been obeyed, "Ali!" said he to the judge, "the executioner is dead and no one is fit to take his place as you. No one is better fitted to fill the office than yourself. Make haste and take up the business, for it is not desirable that the horror of this scene should be prolonged. The condemned person is here and if justice is to follow her course, humanity also demands her rights. Let us hurry up. Be quick, Ali. Seize the sword that has fallen from Muley's hand and strike off his head."

"But illustrious Caliph—" began the judge.

"Enough," interrupted the Caliph, "it is you who have condemned this person. You ought to know better than anybody else whether he is guilty. What you have to do now is nothing



It is you who have condemned this person.

in comparison with the business you have done, nosing out evidence and sentencing to death. There now only remains for you to carry out your own sentence and behead him."

Replied Ali: "Very sage Vicar of the Prophet, to order a man's head to be cut off is one thing and to do it oneself is another. The first occupation is noble and the other is vile. Your Highness will deign to pardon me, but it is not required that the judge who pronounces criminal sentences should execute them him self."

"The sooner he does it the better then," said Haroun. "O, Ali! infallible man, or at least infallible in your own opinion, know that this young man is not guilty, for Muley was the murderer of his own daughter, and he destroyed himself rather than legally slaughter an innocent man. And now Ali, and you who hear me, bear these two truths in mind: the first is that nobody should be ashamed to finish the work he has begun; and the second is that an irreparable punishment should be so rarely applied that it should not exist, so to speak, or but theoretically, for notwithstanding seeming positive evidence punishment often falls on the innocent."

She Had a Kind Heart.

As we saw him coming down the street with a package under his arm we suspected he was a tramp. As he came up the steps and sat down on a baggage truck the evidence grew stronger. As he opened the package and displayed a large ham bone, which glistened as if recently sandpapered, the last lingering doubt was removed. We looked at him and he looked at us. He had come to work the crowd, but he had a prelude. That prelude was the ham bone. He lifted it up and gnawed at it. He turned it over and over and gnawed again and again. He was scraping his teeth along the bone when a motherly woman came out of the sitting-room and said to him:

"Poor man! You are hungry."

"Yes, very hungry," he mumbled.

"And there isn't a speck of meat on that bone."

"Not a speck."

"Haven't any of these men offered to do anything for you?" she asked as she gave us a look of reproach.

"Not a blessed thing, ma'am," he plaintively replied. "Perhaps they would if I was to get up and—"

"Yes, they might be driven to do something," she interrupted, "but we won't wait for that. Here, porter!"

The colored man about the depot came at her call, and she laid a quarter in his hand and said, "This poor man is hungry. I want you to get an axe and crack this bone for him so that he can eat the marrow."

"Yes'm," replied the porter as he started for the store-room.

The tramp rose up, laid the bone carefully down, and without so much as a look around

AYER'S
CHERRY PECTORAL
FOR
THROAT
and
LUNG
COMPLAINTS

AYER'S
CHERRY PECTORAL
PRIZE
MEDAL
AT
WORLD'S
FAIR

GAS FIXTURES

GET QUOTATIONS
FROM US
BEFORE PURCHASING

FRED ARMSTRONG

277 Queen St. West

him walked off. The woman called to him, and the porter arrived with the axe, but he did not halt or look back until he was forty rods away. Then he came to a stop, placed his hand on his heart, bowed, winked his left eye and continued on the icy route he had mapped out for himself in this cold world.—*Exchange*.

Mustn't be Mentioned.

One day the children were having an object lesson on the blue heron. The teacher called attention to its small tail, saying, "The bird has no tail to speak of." The next day she asked the scholars to write a description of the bird, and a little German girl wound up by saying, "The blue heron has a tail, but it must not be talked about."—*Babyhood*.

Potatoes Hit Weapons.

One way of combating an evil practice is to make it ridiculous. It was by this means that duelling was stopped in a certain district in Kentucky some forty years ago. At that time a traveling preacher named Bowman, a strong, muscular man, was conducting a series of religious meetings in Kentucky. At one of them well known desperadoes created a disturbance and being publicly rebuked by Bowman, sent him a challenge to fight.

The preacher's first thought was to treat the matter with silent contempt. Then he reflected that duelling was all too common in the region, and he decided to accept the challenge.

As the challenged party Bowman had the choice of weapons. He selected half a bushel of large Irish potatoes, and stipulated that his opponent must stand fifteen paces distant, and that only one potato at a time should be taken from the measure.

The desperado was furious, but Bowman insisted upon his rights as the challenged party, and threatened to denounce the fellow as a coward if he made further objections. Seeing no way out of the scrape, the desperado at last consented.

The contest took place on the outskirts of the town, and almost everybody in the place turned out to see the fun. The seconds arranged the two men in position, by the side of each being a half bushel measure filled with good sized potatoes.

Bowman threw the first one. It struck his opponent in a central spot and fell in pieces. A shout of delight went up from the crowd which flattered the desperado, and his potato flew wide of the mark. Bowman watched his chance, and every time his opponent stooped for a potato another one hit him in the side, leaving a wet spot on his clothes and then scattering on all sides. The fellow was hit in this way five times; then the sixth potato struck him in the short ribs and he lay on the grass doubled up with pain and groaning "Enough."

The bystanders went wild with delight, but Mr. Bowman looked very sober. The desperado was taken home and put to bed, and there he stayed for more than a week. And when he appeared again he was greeted with so many jokes that life was almost a burden to him. That was the end of dueling in that region.—*Lexington Transcript*.

As Good as Hearing with His Legs.

The novelty of a telegraph operator who can scarcely hear a locomotive whistle working day after day at his instrument is one of the marvels presented at a telegraph station near this city. The man is about twenty-eight years old. He has been deaf since he was about three years of age as the result of an attack of scarlet fever.

Being so extremely hard of hearing, the child's sense of touch was developed to the degree usually possessed by blind persons. The slightest tap upon a table or upon a wall, the rolling of a wagon wheel along the street, and all similar sounds were conveyed to him by the consequent vibrations.

When about twelve years of age he undertook the study of telegraphy. Being a favorite with the operator at his home, he was given the run of the office. All the mystic signs, dots and dashes of the profession were explained to him. Day after day he could be seen sitting at the table with his knees pressed against it or resting his elbow upon it. He was literally feeling the messages as they were ticked off over the wire. Being naturally quick, it was but a short time until he was able to correctly read any message coming into the office. Sending came just as easy, and to day, after sixteen years' service at the key and sounder, he is just as fine an operator as there is in the country. Of late years his hearing has improved to such an extent that he can easily hear the sounder, but the old habit of listening with his knee or elbow still clings to him, and that is the way all his messages are read.—*Pittsburgh Gazette*.

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Music.

M R. GEORGE H. FAIRCOUGH has forwarded an interesting letter from Berlin, Germany, in which several matters of general interest to the profession are touched upon, relating principally to the coming musical season in the German capital and the growing importance of that city as a center of musical education. Among other things Mr. Fairclough writes: "The season has just begun in Berlin and we are looking forward to having an exceptionally attractive one this year. Richard Strauss comes to Berlin from Weimar to take charge of the Philharmonic concerts in place of Dr. Hans von Bülow. These concerts are expected to regain their former unapproachable excellence which they possessed under the matchless drill and direction of Bülow, but which they lost since that famous musician's illness and death, owing to their repeated change of conductors. Richard Strauss, besides being a great conductor, is also a coming great composer and follows in the footsteps of Wagner, his technique of orchestration being said by some critics to be even greater than the Bayreuth master. Weingartner is to remain in Berlin after all, much to the rejoicing of the Berlin public. The first symphony concert of the Royal Orchestra under his baton took place last week. I never heard such perfect orchestral playing as upon this occasion. Every man in that orchestra from Carl Hallir, the new first violin, to the drummer is an artist, and the pure tone and excellent technique of the wood wind especially and of every department of the orchestra is a delight to listen to. They gave at the first concert Mozart's E flat and Beethoven's B flat (No 4) symphonies, Weber's Oberon Overture and the Kaiser March with chorus by Wagner."

Mr. Fairclough's comments concerning the movements of Canadian students in Berlin are of special interest to their numerous friends here. He says: "I am glad to see several Canadians arriving in Berlin for study. Miss Nora Clench, our gifted violinist, comes to Joachim, who accepted her without any hesitation out of nearly one hundred candidates, of whom only eight or ten could possibly be taken. Miss Cummings of Hamilton comes to study the piano, and Mr. C. Russell, also from Hamilton, has been accepted as a pupil of Haussman, the celebrated cellist of the Joachim quartette. Mr. Welsman of Toronto, after staying a week in Berlin, went to Leipzig to study with Krause. For piano specialist this was probably the best course to take, but for hearing music and studying composition, etc., and for attaining a first class musical education, Berlin is pre-eminently the place at present. Even for a piano specialist, one or two years spent here in the Hoch Schule would be very valuable if followed by private lessons from some man like Krause for instance, as one is compelled to take other branches, such as theory, score-reading, etc., and too often our piano soloists are devoid of these outside qualifications so necessary to true musicianship. But one must not confound the Hoch Schule with conservatories, where one only gets lessons in a class with others. Every pupil in his principal study gets one full hour private lesson with, if his subject be piano, either Barth, Petersen, Schultz, Ralf or Kann. Speaking of my own work I may say that in piano playing I have special lessons with Petersen and am a private pupil on the organ of Mr. Clemens, whose work on pedal technique is becoming widely known. Am taking private lessons in composition and am consequently kept very busy. I have also added to my other duties that of Berlin correspondent of the *Magazine of Music*, a monthly published in London. I shall be extremely sorry when my *Studentzeit* in Berlin will be over. In April I go to Paris to study organ with Guilmant and hope to return to America next summer."

The Torbett Concert Company, which appeared at Massey Music Hall on Thursday and Saturday of last week, was greeted with slim audiences on both occasions. The company consisted of Miss Ollie Torbett, solo violinist; the Lutteman Male Vocal Sextette and Herr Rudolf von Scarpa, solo pianist. Miss Torbett, after whom the aggregation takes its name, is evidently possessed of considerable native talent, which, however, is as yet insufficiently developed. Crudities in method, style and interpretation betray the lack of thorough study or artistic guidance in the past, without which it is impossible to attain to a high standard of proficiency in any branch of the art. The Lutteman Sextette created a most favorable impression in their several numbers. Individually their voices are quite below the average. In their ensemble work, however, they produced some remarkably fine effects in shading and expression, and altogether established themselves as strong favorites with their audiences. Herr Scarpa, the solo pianist and accompanist, displayed a good technique and played throughout in an honest and musically manner.

The many friends of Mrs. Clyde Green, late solo contralto at Sherbourne street Methodist church, will regret to learn that she is leaving the city shortly to reside in Grimshay. Mrs. Green is the fortunate possessor of a very rich and pure contralto voice, which she uses with admirable taste and effect. At the Sherbourne street Methodist church her solo work has for some time past been one of the most pleasing features of the musical portion of the service. Mrs. Green sang last Sunday evening with Mr. A. E. Huestis at the Northern Congregational church.

Mr. Otto Floersheim, in a recent article, describes the string section of the Berlin Royal Orchestra (to which Mr. Fairclough refers in his letter, which is published in this issue of SATURDAY NIGHT) as being "incomparably the best aggregation of artists in the world." The special instruments of this orchestra, as has been mentioned in a letter written to this journal some months ago by Mr. J. Barnes, the well known Buffalo critic, are owned by the Imperial Court of Berlin and have been most carefully selected during many generations.

The Musical Art Club of Toronto, to which I referred in last week's issue of SATURDAY

NIGHT, at a recent meeting decided to change the name of the organization to the Clef Club. A number of other changes, as regards the objects and composition of the executive committee, will also be made, details of which will be announced at a later date.

The much vexed question of staff notation vs. tonic sol-fa still continues to agitate the minds of many of our leading musicians. Mr. A. J. Caldicott, who has recently been reported as condemning tonic sol-fa *in toto*, writes as follows to the *Church Musician*: "Kindly contradict the statement quoted by you in a recent number that I regard 'tonic sol-fa as the curse of Wales.' I have never given expression to any such forcible opinion. In regretting the low standard of instrumental and orchestral music in Wales, I have attributed it to the neglect of the old notation and the too persistent study of the sol-fa system, which is useless for instrumental purposes. But I can only regard the knowledge of music as a blessing rather than a curse to any country."

The Leeds, England, festival chorus has for many years enjoyed the great and honorable distinction of being unsurpassed for quality of tone, reading ability and general proficiency by any similar body of singers in the world. Birmingham has long striven to equal the standard reached by the Leeds chorus, and there are many competent judges who believe that at the present time there is very little to choose between these two representative bodies. Sir Joseph Barnby, whose larger London chorus is also held up as a model in many quarters, is reported to have recently stated that the Birmingham festival and to a large extent the three cathedral choir festivals were always a great success because of the large number of singers drawn from Leda. This statement has drawn forth several indignant protests from Birmingham, one writer stating that, "The Birmingham choir is composed entirely of Birmingham choristers, all of whom are well qualified to uphold the reputation of their own city in the production of the many important works entrusted to them. In fact, I question if their reading capacity or quality of tone is surpassed by their Leeds brethren. I am sure that Sir Joseph would be the last to make such a mis-statement as has been credited to him."

Mrs. F. W. Lee, who has established a reputation in this city as a pianist and accompanist placing her in the front rank among local artists, will give a piano recital in the near future, when an excellent programme of standard classical and modern music will be rendered. Mrs. Lee's recital in St. George's Hall last year proved one of the most artistic events of the season. Her remarkably fine performance of the Bach Chromatic Fantasy, Beethoven Sonata Op. 31, Raff's Rigondan, a List Rhapsody and other numbers, will be remembered by those who were present at her debut on this occasion. Mrs. Lee, whose card appears in our advertising columns, has had admirable success as a teacher and is considered by her master, Mr. H. M. Field, under whom she has studied for some years, as one of the most thoroughly qualified teachers ever prepared by him.

Mr. Arthur T. Blakeley, solo organist, is open for engagements during the coming season, Terms, etc., will be made known upon application either personally or in writing at Mr. Blakeley's residence, No. 46 Phebe street. It is Mr. Blakeley's intention to continue the monthly popular recitals at the Sherbourne street Methodist church, which attracted so many hundreds on each occasion last year.

The following works are being prepared by the Mendelssohn Choir for the first concert of the society: Mendelssohn's Forty-Third Psalm; Gaul's Daybreak; Sullivan's I Heard the Soft Note; MacFaren's You Stole My Love; Dudley Buck's arrangement of Robin Adair; Magic of Spring Waltzes by Weinzinger; Lullaby by Mason; Nevin's Wynken, Blynken and Nod, and Jansen's Choral Ballad of Adonis.

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Social and Personal.

Charley's Aunt has drawn bumper houses at the Grand this week, and the amount of hilarity it has provoked has been calculated to materially increase the airdrop of society, if there be any justice in the sequence, "laugh and grow fat." On Tuesday and Wednesday evenings there were some dashing gowns and smart theater parties among the audience. On Wednesday the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Captain and Miss Kirkpatrick occupied their box, while Mr. and Mrs. Pepler of Barrie, and Mr. and Mrs. Allan Cassells were in the prompt box. In the stalls were: Col. and Mrs. Davidson, Major and Mrs. Hay, Mr. Walter Barwick, Major and Mrs. Harrison, Dr. and Mrs. McFarlane, Hon. A. S. Hardy, Hon. J. Dryden, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Paterson, Mr. and Mrs. Bosworth, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Northcote, Mr. Alfred and the Misses Gooderham, Mrs. Herbert and Miss Mason, Mrs. Cesare Marani, Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson Jones, Mrs. Galbraith, Mrs. Oliphant, Miss Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Rowan Kerland, Messrs. and Mesdames Warwick, and Mr. and Mrs. Maddison.

A charming luncheon was given on Wednesday by Mrs. Follingby and Miss Sydley of Grosvenor street. The table was prettily decorated with yellow chrysanthemums and table center of silk in the same shade. The guests present were: Mrs. DuMoulin, Mrs. Rubin, Mrs. O'Brien, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Ritchie, Mrs. Mackenzie, Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson and Mrs. Price.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Moffatt are guests at the Arlington for the winter months.

Mrs. Janes spent a couple of days at Eastwood this week. In the political contest which we are told is on the *tapis*, things are getting interesting for the host and hostess of Northcote.

General Herbert and Captain Streatfield were in town for a flying visit this week. They were members of a pretty theater party at the Grand on Tuesday evening, when the boxes held an exceedingly smart tenantry.

Lord and Lady Brassey spent a few days in Toronto. During their visit they were dined at Government House and at Heydon Villa.

"Guv'nor" Donnelly, Indian Agent of Port Arthur, is in town visiting his numerous friends.

Mrs. Griffen and her sister, Miss Cook of Stamford, Conn., have returned home, having been on a visit to Miss Matud Robinson of 694 Yonge street for the past month.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Broughall have returned from New York and are settled in their charming little home, 19 Lowther avenue. Mrs. Broughall will receive at the above address on Thursday and Friday, November 1 and 2.

Mrs. Meyers and Miss Driscoll give an afternoon tea on Wednesday next.

Mrs. John L. Davidson will be At Home next Monday afternoon from five to seven o'clock.

Corinne in Comlog.

The Kimball Opera Comique Organization, headed by Peerless Corinne will soon appear at Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House, in the picturesque and romantic burlesque operabouffe, Hendrick Hudson, or the Discovery of Columbus. The coming of Corinne is regarded as one of the big events of the season by the patrons of Jacobs & Sparrow's.

The Academy.

Miss Madge Ellis, who comes to the Academy of Music next week with Reeves & Palmer's company, has recently made quite a hit in New York. She was formerly in Miss Lilian Russell's company, but on entering vaudeville recently her first appearance evoked storms of applause. She is considered Reeves & Palmer's big card and the company is a large one.

Mansion and Furniture by Auction.

Attention is called to the advertisement to be found in another column announcing the auction sale of the elegant mansion and grounds at 28 Jameson avenue, Parkdale, together with the costly household furniture, piano, paintings, etc., that takes place on Thursday, November 1, under instructions from Mr. B. Westwood. This sale offers a grand opportunity to any party wishing to procure one of the finest residences in the Western part of the city. The sale will be conducted by Mr. Chas. M. Henderson.

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By CHARLES M. HENDERSON & CO.
16 YONGE STREET, near Queen St.

Furniture and Mansion BY AUCTION

Highly Attractive Unreserved Auction
Sale of

VALUABLE HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE

Valuable Pianoforte (cost \$800), Elegant Silk Broclette Drawing-room Suite (cost \$250), Leather Dining Suite, Handsome Sideboard and Extension (Table to match), Crystal and other Glassware, Wardrobes, Bookcases, Handsome Curtains and Draperies, Dinner, Tea and Breakfast Services, Electro Plated Ware, Table Cutlery, Glassware, English Plate Mirrors, Mahogany Over Mantle, Fancy Silk Drawing-room and other Drapery, Leather Easy Chairs and Couches, Bagatelle Table (complete), Handsome Carpet throughout the house. Handsome Hat Stand, rare Oil Paintings by Martin and Peere, Valuable Water Colors and Steel Engravings, Dresden Figures, Brice-Brac, Grandfather's Clock (cost \$100), Oak and other Bedroom Sets, Hair and other Mattresses, Woven Wire Springs, Lawn Mower, Harness, Boats, &c., &c.

ALSO

The Elegant Mansion, containing 17 rooms, with two W.C.'s, Lavatory, Stable and Coach-house. The lot has a frontage of 400 feet by a depth of 200 feet; is well and substantially built. The heating appointments are first-class, and is without exception the most healthy and best located property in the city.

ON

Thursday, 1st November, 1894

AT THE RESIDENCE

No. 28 Jameson Avenue, Parkdale

The subscribers are favored with instructions from Mr. B. WESTWOOD to sell by public auction on the above date the costly household furniture and mansion. Full particulars as to property may be obtained from the undersigned.

Sale precisely at 11 o'clock.
Sale of Property at 1:30 p.m.

CHARLES M. HENDERSON & CO.,
Tel. 1098. Auctioneers.

Social and Personal.

Mrs. Totten gave a most delightful little tea to a group of ladies on Friday of last week. Mrs. George Hamilton, whose fine singing lent such a charm to the large reception at Benvenuto, sang a lovely little French chanson, playing her own accompaniment in a most sympathetic and finished manner. Monsieur and Madame Musin were quite delighted with Mrs. Hamilton's songs at Mrs. Jane's, and congratulated Toronto on the advent of a singer at once so able and so willing to gratify her friends. I fancied rather her singing was sweeter and more full of expression on Friday. Mesdames Hay, Sinclair, Campbell Macdonald, Davidson, W. Davidson, J. E. Thompson, Theodore King, Clinch, Pringle, Matthews, Boswell, and Misses Drayton, Thompson, A. Thompson, Hunter, and many others were among the guests.

Mrs. McCaul, who has been for many months with her daughter, Mrs. McDougall of Bloor street, will have Professor Ramsay Wright's house for the winter. Miss McCaul will accompany her mother to Spadina avenue.

Dr. Alfred Boulbee has returned from a tour of some of the famous hospitals of Europe. By the way, it is perhaps very old news by this time to announce the engagement of Miss Edith Hannaford and Dr. Boulbee, but the happy news has elicited many congratulations for the popular young people.

A most charming and pretty design is being engraved for the Yacht Club programmes, which will be a fitting souvenir of the evening. The handsome club house on the bay front, with the crest of the club and the Prince of Wales' feathers, in allusion to his patronage in bygone years, and the fact that the dance cele-

Further Shipment of Newer Coats

In response to our cabled order we have opened up a full line of Prince Albert Coats, &c.; in five different cloths.

Prince Albert Coats

Cheviot, Serge, Frieze and Beaver Cloths, 32 to 42 inch bust, 46 inches longs, imported styles, \$16, \$17, \$18 and \$19.

THE NEWMARKET PALETOT

In fancy Tweeds and Beaver Cloth, \$9, \$11, \$12, \$14, \$18 to \$23.

Fur trimmed sets Beaver Cloth, \$16 to \$25.

The above are the correct thing.

We Invite Inspection.



R. Walker & Sons 33 to 43 King St. E.

H. E. CLARKE & CO.



Special Lines in Brief Bags

We have just received a number of new varieties in the above Bags. Prices range from \$3 to \$6.25.

H. E. CLARKE & CO. 105 King St. West

COAL AND
LOWEST WOOD
PRICES



ELIAS
ROGERS
& CO.

brates his birthday, combine to form a very handsome and significant ensemble.

Mrs. Sinclair of Huron street gave a tea yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. Herbert Mason gave a small dinner on Friday evening at Ermleigh.

Miss Brock arrived from England this week to spend the winter with her brother, Mr. Henry Brock of the Toronto Church school.

Mrs. William Boulbee with her little daughter, Gladys, returned from England on Saturday. I am glad to hear that the *raison d'être* of their trip has been fully justified by results, and that the little lady for whose benefit it was undertaken has derived all the good anticipated.

Mrs. Winnett of Beverley street entertained friends at dinner on Monday evening.

Mrs. Gamble of St. Joseph street was at home on Monday afternoon to a number of friends.

Mrs. Chris Lee gave a tea on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Dewart gave a dinner party on Thursday evening.

Mrs. Birmingham of Harbord street entertained a number of friends on Wednesday evening.

A number of Torontonians have been staying at the Hotel Del Monte, Preston Springs, Measrs. C. A. B. Brown, A. O. Burkhardt, C. E. Kington

Blackett Robinson, Commander and Mrs. Law. J. W. Campbell, M. Folingsby, Mrs. Armstrong, Mrs. Proctor and Miss Maud Harris are among the number.

One evening last week the residence of Sir Frank and Lady Smith was *en fete* on the occasion of a reception and supper given in honor of the distinguished guest of the house, the Papal Delegate. Seventy guests were entertained with lavish and elegant hospitality, and a most delightful and genial affair was enjoyed.

Mr. and Mrs. Massey of Jarvis street entertained a number of friends at dinner on October 18.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pipon gave a charming dinner to a few friends on Friday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pellett are home for the winter from Orillia. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pellett have also been home at their dear little cottage on Sherbourne street for some time, after a pleasant summer at their country house near Victoria Park.

There was a large dinner at Maplehurst on Monday evening in honor of Mr. Coleham. The Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, General Herbert and Captain Streetfield were among Major and Mrs. Cosby's guests on that occasion.

Dr. T. P. McCullough of Everett, Ont., has sold out his practice to Dr. Chas. M. Kington

Now is the Time To Invest Money to Advantage

Never were our Pianos so good, and never were we in a position to offer such special inducements to Piano purchasers.

Call and see. A visit to our warerooms will be amply repaid.

Bargains are to be found on every floor.

Catalogues and Price Lists will be mailed to any address.

The Mason & Risch Piano Co. Ltd.

32 King Street West, Toronto.

of Stirling and leaves for New York in a few days, where he has secured an assistantship to an eye and ear specialist, to which branch of study he will devote his attention.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Clark now reside at 121 Bedford road. Mrs. Clark will be at home on Fridays.

Mrs. Robert Pleper of Owen Sound has been the guest of Mrs. Wright of Bernard ave.

Residence For Sale.

ONE of the MOST PERFECT HOMES in this growing metropolis, being that entirely new, truly superb, cabinet-furnished, brown stone, pressed brick, detached residence.

No. 170 Isabella St., N. W. cor. of Sherbourne.

Two elegant bathrooms, gents' private lavatory, exposed sanitary pipes and combination hot water and cold air bath. Now is the time to make your arrangements. Close prices; very small amounts of cash required and low interest. Ready for immediate occupancy. Apply to, or address, A. WILLIS, 1 Toronto St., cor. King St. Tel. 1053.

For a doctor or dentist this special location would be unsurpassed by any in Toronto. Tel. 1053.

HAVE YOU SEEN

MacWillie's

THIS WEEK'S SPECIAL?

OCTOBER 7th to 13th ONLY

No. 1 Fresh Clover Honey in Comb, the purest lot of the exhibition. This week only we offer them at \$12. per section, regular price \$15.

Introductory week for Josiah Webb's Pure Cocos; makes a delicious beverage; absolutely pure and in price excellent value, at 70c. per lb. tin. For this week only: it is a bargain.

Fancy Formosa Oolong Tea. The merits of Oolong tea are well known; it is a delicate drink, \$8.00 per lb. but slightly recognized. The genuine Formosa makes a delightful drink, \$8.00 per lb. the regular price; it is good value. This week only 90c. per lb.

Cleaver's Glycerine Soap—the finest in the world. The importance of using good toilet soap can hardly be overestimated; 10c. per bar; plenty to satisfy the needs of everyone. At 70c. per cake, this week only, it should be an inducement to give it a trial.

MacWILLIE BROS.

GROCERS

CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING

TORONTO

Telephone 380 Mail orders receive careful attention.

Safe to \$13.75
Buy Without Seeing
Bedroom Suite

Antique Finish, Mirror 30 x 24
4 ft. x 1 in. Stab, Neat and
Nicely Carved, only \$13.75 complete

Spring and Mattress

We carry a very large and well-assorted
stock of Furniture of all kinds.

J. & J. L. O'MALLEY

160 Queen St. West

CHINA HALL

H.C. TRADE MARK. Loyalist Co.
Linen

WHITE CHINA ALL THE
NEW LINES

JUNIOR & IRVING 48 King St. East
TORONTO

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

LAURENCE—Stratford, Oct. 17, Mrs. E. M. E. Laurence—*a* *co.*

ROGERS—Oct. 23, Mrs. Edwin Rogers—a daughter.

FRASER—Oct. 17, Mr. Fred Fraser—a son.

HARVEY—Oct. 18, Mrs. Bessie Harvey—a son.

DICKIE—Oct. 18, Mrs. Walter S. Dickie—a son.

WILMOTT—Oct. 18, Mrs. A. E. Wilcott—a son.

Marriages.

MACCALLUM—POWER—In St. Mary's R. C. Church, on Oct. 20, by Rev. Father O'Crus, James J. MacCallum to Emma Power.

OLIVE GROSSIN—At 435 Manning avenue, by Rev. W. A. Huston, W. D. Oliver to Agnes Grossin, both of Toronto.

SIDNEY—WINSOR—Oct. 17, James A. Sidney to Rebecca Winsor.

CARLISLE—WILSON—Oct. 17, Robert R. Carlisle to Carrie Wilson.

NOTMAN—MCGUIRE—Oct. 17, Christopher Notman to Rosella McGuire.

OLIVER—ROE—Oct. 18, Fred G. Oliver to Alice L. Roe.

TOBIN—MCGUINN—Oct. 24 Rev. J. C. Tobin to Margaret McGuinn.

LATHAM—MILLER—Oct. 17, William Latham to Janet Miller.

HUNTER—SCOTT—Oct. 17, Wm. H. Hunter to Rebecca Scott.

Deaths.

CURRAN—Oct. 18, Robert Curran, City Treasurer, Dept.

CHAMBERS—Oct. 20, Thomas Chambers, aged 65.

CHINNICK—Oct. 21, Robert Chinnoch, aged 65.

CARPMAN—Oct. 20, Charles Carpmal, M. A.

The J. D. KING CO., Ltd., 79 King St. East

GREAT SALE OF...

SATIN SLIPPERS

NOW GOING ON AT

W. L. WALLACE'S

110 Yonge Street

I bought the above goods at a forced